

THE ECLECTIC REVIEW,

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1823.

Art. I. *For the Oracles of God, Four Orations. For Judgement to Come, an Argument, in Nine Parts.* By the Rev. Edward Irving, M.A. Minister of the Caledonian Church, Hatton-Garden. 8vo. pp. xii. 548. Price 12s. London, 1823.

MR. IRVING is a bold man thus to descend, in the very zenith of his popularity, from the vantage-ground of the pulpit orator's chair, into the arena of literary competition. The press is a fierce and searching ordeal for the man of eloquence; nor is it, by any means, a fair test of the power of living oratory. Estimated by their speeches in the House, Burke, the most splendid of speech-writers, was immeasurably inferior to Fox, who, a giant in debate, was in composition a sciolist. Erskine, unrivalled at the bar, cannot rank higher than a third-rate writer. Whitfield, the most powerful of preachers, came forth from the press, stripped of every attribute of might or majesty. Those who have succeeded alike as speakers and as writers, are exceptions to what would seem to be the general rule; and Mr. Irving, with all his faults, must be added to this number. These discourses or orations, call them what you will, furnish abundant matter and provocation for criticism; and, says the Author somewhat loftily, 'I deprecate it not.' They are framed, however, of a stuff and texture which will endure the roughest handling. There is that stamp of intellectual energy on the volume, which will bear down the cavils and juster exceptions of those who may be disposed to quarrel with the Writer on the score of taste. His periods are of sterling weight, if not always of the finest mintage; and this will secure their being received as currency. Above all, there is throughout the volume an appearance of passionate earnestness, firmness of purpose, intrepid attachment to truth, and, if we may so express it, of magisterial commission, which, harmonizing with the infinite interest attaching to

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the subject, renders it next to impossible for the reader to escape from the impression. The discourses will not *please* in the perusal, as they pleased in the delivery; for there is an interpretation of a speaker's meaning carried on through the medium of the eye, and a sympathy with the speaker, awakened by his tones, which very materially assist the prompt and easy reception of the communication, and preclude that mental fatigue which reading is apt to occasion. But, though they may not please as much, they cannot fail powerfully to interest; and the popularity of the Preacher will no longer appear, after the perusal, a fortuitous and unaccountable circumstance. Mr. Irving is no phenomenon, to be gazed at and forgotten. The light which he holds forth, is steady and pure; and whatever charm there may be in the vehicle or the medium through which it is transmitted, the illumination which it casts, is not that of a meteor, but of heaven's day-light. And the low-minded malignity and petulance with which he has been assailed, proceed, we are well persuaded, more than from any other cause, from a hatred of the light. "The Liberal," and the most infamous of public journals that ever disgraced the press of this country, have selected Mr. Irving as a fair mark for their infernal shafts. We think that this augurs well for his success. We like to hear the Devil cry out, What have we to do with thee? It looks as if some measure of the power of the Preacher's Master was resting upon him.

We must not pass over the designation of these Discourses, although their title is a small matter; but it has been considered as somewhat pedantic. Perhaps it is so; and the Author's reason for adopting the unusual terms, 'oration' and 'argument,' is unsatisfactory. He evidently wished to keep clear of that unpromising and unpopular word, sermon, and to substitute some other more specific and more attractive than the modest term *discourse*. The latter, however, we cannot but consider as the more eligible word. Mr. Irving says:

'I have set the example of two new methods of handling religious truth—the *Oration* and the *Argument*; the one intended to be after the manner of the ancient Oration, the best vehicle for addressing the minds of men which the world hath seen; far beyond the sermon, of which the very name hath learned to inspire drowsiness and tedium; the other after the manner of the ancient Apologies, with this difference, that it is pleaded not before any judicial bar, but before the tribunal of human thought and feeling.'

But are these methods new? Does not Mr. Irving deceive himself in supposing that he has set us in England an original example, because he has adopted new terms? We are at a loss to know what better claim his orations have to that appellation,

than the sermons of Mr. Hall, or the Missionary Discourse of Mr. Foster. We know not whether the sermons of Bishop Horsley would more deserve to be styled *Oration*s or *Argument*s, for we are not clear as to the specific character of either; but sure we are, that a more masterly method of handling religious truth, or one better adapted to Mr. Irving's purpose, has not been exhibited, than that of which the learned prelate has set the example. The sermons of Bishop Butler deserve the name of *Argument*s, if any thing does. There was, moreover, a century or two ago, a bishop of the name of Jeremy Taylor, whose sermons sometimes approached sufficiently near to the character of *oration*s; and a certain Richard Hooker has left behind him a discourse on Justification, which will not easily be surpassed in either eloquence or argument; and a greater in some respects than either, John Howe, has bequeathed to the world, a storehouse of all that is philosophical in thought, and noble in sentiment, and majestic in the march of language. We say nothing of foreign divines, whose compositions would furnish numberless specimens of this supposed new method, and who have found both admirers and imitators in this country. The fact is, that the word *sermon*, whatever ideas may be connected with it in certain circles, is the general name for a class of compositions infinitely varying in style and character, and comprehending some of the finest oratory and reasoning in the language; nor could Mr. Irving's ambition have aimed higher than to rank with those great English divines, who have not disdained the obnoxious designation. But he may imagine that, in the present day, the word *sermon* has acquired a more restricted and technical sense, and that the style of preaching which he has adopted, though not new, required to be revived. It would behoove him to have more extensive information, however, respecting the state of pulpit eloquence in England, than we would pretend to, in order to justify his taking this ground. But the more interesting question is, not the novelty, but the excellence of the method. In Mr. Irving's hands, we quite approve of it. In addressing such a congregation as that which he has collected in the Caledonian Chapel, no style of handling religious truth could be more proper or effective. And greatly should we rejoice, could we think that the mere adoption of a new method, was likely, when more extensively tried, to be attended with any thing like similar success. We should be delighted to believe that Mr. Irving's genius, and address, and powerful delivery had so much less to do with his popularity, than his style of preaching, and that his style was found attractive, less from its novelty, than from its adaptation to the conveyance of truth into the

minds of the people. We confess that our impression on this subject is different. Mr. Irving has committed the same modest error that his friend Dr. Chalmers has done with respect to his economic experiment at Glasgow. He too hastily assumes the practicability, in other hands and under quite different circumstances, of following out his example. He would reform our English theology and English preaching, in the summary way in which his excellent friend the Professor would reform our poor system. Now if, instead of obtaining mere imitators of his style, he could but inoculate our preachers with his zeal, his energy of character, his fearless decision and untrammelled spirit, then, indeed, he would render both 'the clerical order' and society at large an invaluable service. But we can conceive of nothing more insipid or inefficient, nothing more completely adapted to inspire drowsiness or tedium, than a cold Oration or a halting Argument. So far from the Oration being the best vehicle for addressing the minds of men, it is the one which depends the most absolutely on the use which is made of it. It is like an instrument whose whole power and music must be created by the modulations of the breath. Feeble declamation, into which the Oration is apt to sink, is of all styles the most unimpressive: its effect is perfectly narcotic. Nor is the best method determinable in any given case, simply by the gifts of the preacher: the character of his auditory requires to be taken into the account, in pronouncing upon the more excellent way. Orations and Arguments would be quite unsuitable to the mental habits of many, if not most of our congregations. Paul doubtless adopted different methods in the synagogue of Damascus and at Mars' Hill. We are not for exalting one method or one vehicle above another, but for the discreet and discriminative use of all rational methods of handling religious truth. But were we to express an opinion on the comparative recommendations of different modes, we should say, that, for general practice, the expository style is the most adapted for usefulness, and the essay style of preaching is the laziest and the worst. Yet truly, it holds good of preaching, if not of civil government, that 'whatever is best administered, is best.'

We have dwelt longer than we intended on the title of the work; but our motive has been, to guard against the seductive influence of Mr. Irving's example, in quarters where the attempt to follow him, *haud passibus æquis*, as to his method, would not be likely to be productive of any good result. We shall now lay before our readers some specimens of the powerful character of his declamation, reserving till the close any further observations on his style, and the theological merits of the volume.

The Orations are on the following subjects. I. The Preparation for consulting the Oracles of God.—II. The Manner of consulting them.—III. and IV. The Obeying of the Oracles of God. We take for our first extract, the conclusion to the second oration.

Why, in modern times, do we not take from the Word that sublimity of design and gigantic strength of purpose which made all things bend before the saints, whose praise is in the Word and the Church of God? Why have the written secrets of the Eternal become less moving than the fictions of fancy, or the periodical works of the day; and their impressiveness died away into the imbecility of a tale that hath been often told? Not because man's spirit hath become more weak. Was there ever an age in which it was more patient of research, or restless after improvement? Not because the Spirit of God hath become backward in his help, or the Word divested of its truth—but because we treat it not as the all-accomplished wisdom of God; the righteous setting works of men alongside of it, or masters over it, the world altogether apostatizing from it unto folly. We come to meditate it, like armed men to consult of peace—our whole mind occupied with insurrectionary interests; we suffer no captivity of its truth. Faith, which should brood with expanded wings over the whole heavenly legend, imbibing its entire spirit—what hath it become? A name to conjure up theories and hypotheses upon. Duty likewise hath fallen into a few formalities of abstaining from amusements, and keeping up severities, instead of denoting a soul girt with all its powers for its Maker's will. Religion also, a set of opinions and party distinctions separated from high endowments, and herding with cheap popular accomplishments—a mere serving-maid of every-day life; instead of being the mistress of all earthly, and the preceptress of all heavenly sentiments, and the very queen of all high gifts and graces and perfections in every walk of life.

To be delivered from this dwarfish exhibition of that plant which our heavenly Father hath planted, take up this holy book. Let your devotions gather warmth from the various exhibitions of the nature and attributes of God. Let the displays of his power overawe you, and the goings forth of his majesty still you into reverend observance. Let his uplifted voice awake the slumber of your spirits, and every faculty burn in adoration of that image of the invisible God which his word reveals. If Nature is reverend before Him, how much more the spirit of man for whom he rideth forth in his state! Let his Holiness, before which the pure seraph veils his face, and his Justice, before which the heavens are rebuked, humble our frail spirits in the dust, and awaken all their conscious guilt. Then let the richness of his Mercy strike us dumb with amazement, and his offered grace revive our hopes anew; and let his Son, coming forth with the embraces of his love, fill our spirits with rapture. Let us hold him fast in sweet communion; exchange with him affection's kindest tokens; and be satisfied with the sufficiency of his grace; and let the

strength of his Spirit be our refuge, his all-sufficient strength our buckler and our trust !

' Then, stirred up through all her powers, and awakened from the deep sleep of Nature and oblivion of God, (which among visible things she partaketh,) our soul shall come forth from the communion of the Word, full of divine energy and ardour, prepared to run upon this world's theatre the race of duty for the prize of life eternal. She shall erect herself beyond the measures and approbation of men, into the measures and approbation of God. She shall become like the saints of old, who, strengthened by such repasts of faith, "subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, and turned to flight the armies of the aliens." ' pp. 47—9.

In enforcing the awful alternative, ' Obey the Scriptures, or ' you perish,' after describing the hopeless doom of the sinner, in a passage of considerable force and vigour, and, we doubt not, extremely impressive in the delivery, though in a style somewhat too florid for the press, the Preacher exclaims :

' 'Tis written, 'tis written, 'tis sealed of heaven, and a few years shall reveal it all. Be assured it is even so to happen to the despisers of holy writ. With this in arrear, what boots liberty, pleasure, enjoyment—all within the hour-glass of time, or the round earth's continent, all the sensibilities of life, all the powers of man, all the attractions of woman !

' Terror hath sitten enthroned on the brows of tyrants, and made the heart of a nation quake ; but upon this peaceful volume there sits a terror to make the mute world stand aghast. Yet not the terror of tyranny neither, but the terror of justice which abides the scorners of the Most High God, and the revilers of his most gracious Son. And is it not just, though terrible, that he who brooked not in heaven one moment's disaffection, but lanced the rebel host to hell, and bound them evermore in chains of darkness, should also do his sovereign will upon the disaffected of this earth, whom he hath long endured and pleaded with in vain. We are fallen, 'tis true—we found the world fallen into ungodly customs, 'tis true—here are we full grown and mature in disaffection, most true. And what can we do to repair a ruined world, and regain a lost purity ? Nothing—nothing can we do to such a task. But God hath provided for this pass of perplexity ; he hath opened a door of reconciliation, and laid forth a store of help, and asks at our hand no impossibilities, only what our condition is equal to in concert with his freely offered grace.

' These topics of terror, it is very much the fashion of the time to turn the ear from, as if it were unmanly to fear pain. Call it manly or unmanly, it is Nature's strongest instinct—the strongest instinct of all animated nature : and to avoid it is the chief impulse of all our actions. Punishment is that which law founds upon, and parental authority in the first instance, and every human institution from which

it is painful to be dismembered. Not only is pain not to be inflicted without high cause, or endured without trouble, but not to be looked on without a pang : as ye may judge, when ye see the cold knife of the surgeon enter the patient's flesh, or the heavy wain grind onward to the neck of a fallen child. Despise pain—I wot not what it means. Bodily pain you may despise in a good cause ; but let there be no motive, let it be God's simple visitation, spasms of the body for example, then how many give it license, how many send for the physician to stay it ? Truly, there is not a man in being, whom bodily pain, however slight, if incessant, will not turn to fury or to insensibility—embittering peace, eating out kindness, contracting sympathy, and altogether deforming the inner man. Fits of acute suffering which are soon to be over, any disease with death in the distance, may be borne ; but take away hope, and let there be no visible escape, and he is more than mortal that can endure. A drop of water incessantly falling upon the head, is found to be the most excruciating of all torture, which proveth experimentally the truth of what is said.

‘ Hell, therefore, is not to be despised, like a sick bed, if any of you be so hardy as to despise a sick bed. There are no comforting kindred, no physician's aid, no hope of recovery, no melancholy relief of death, no sustenance of grace. It is no work of earthly torture or execution, with a good cause to suffer in, and a beholding world or posterity to look on, a good conscience to approve, perhaps scornful words to revenge cruel actions, and the constant play of resolution or study of revenge. It is no struggle of mind against its material envelopments and worldly ills, like stoicism, which was the sentiment of virtue nobly down-bearing the sense of pain. I cannot render it to fancy, but I can render it to fear. Why may it not be the agony of all diseases the body is susceptible of, with the anguish of all deranged conceptions and disordered feelings, stinging recollections, present remorse, bursting indignations, with nothing but ourselves to burst on, dismal prospects, fearful certainties, fury, folly, and despair.

‘ I know it is not only the fashion of the world, but of Christians, to despise the preaching of future woe ; but the methods of modern schools, which are content with one idea for their gospel, and one motive for their activity ; we willingly renounce for the broad methods of the Scripture, which bring out ever and anon the recesses of the future, to up-bear duty and down bear wickedness, and assail men by their hopes and fears as often as by their affections, by the authority of God as often as by the constraining love of Christ, by arguments of reason, and of interest no less. Therefore, sustained by the frequent example of our Saviour, the most tender-hearted of all beings, and who to man hath shewn the most excessive love ; we return, and give men to wit, that the despisers of God's law and of Christ's gospel, shall by no means escape the most rigorous fate. Pain, pain inexorable, tribulation and anguish shall be their everlasting doom. The smoke of their torments ascendeth for ever and ever. One frail thread snapped, and they are down to the bottomless pit. Think of him who had a sword suspended by a hair over his naked neck while

he lay and feasted,—think of yourselves suspended over the pit of perdition by the flimsy thread of life—a thread near worn, weak in a thousand places, ever threatened by the fatal shears which soon shall clip it. You believe the Scriptures; then this you believe, which is true as that Christ died to save you from the same.

‘If you call for a truce to such terrific pictures, then call for mercy against the more terrific realities. But if you be too callous or too careless to call for mercy and ensure repentance, your pastors may give you truce to the pictures, but God will give no abeyance to the realities into which they are dropping evermore, and you shall likewise presently drop, if you repent not.’ pp. 64—8.

It would not be difficult to select from this portion of the volume, other passages of equal force of thought and of expression; but Mr. Irving seems only to be trying his hand in the *Orations*: he appears still more of the orator, as well as rises higher in the style of his thoughts, in the subsequent series of discourses. We subjoin the contents of the ‘Argument.’

‘Part I. The plan of the Argument; with an inquiry into Responsibility in general, and God’s right to place the world under Responsibility. II. and III. The Constitution under which it hath pleased God to place the World. IV. The good Effects of the above Constitution, both upon the individual and upon political society. V. Preliminaries of the solemn Judgement. VI. The Last Judgement. VII. The Issues of the Judgement. VIII. The only Way to escape Condemnation and Wrath to come. IX. Review and Application of the Argument.’

We shall not attempt an analysis of the ‘Argument.’ The Preacher takes so wide a range, and his digressions from the main business are so frequent and so excursive, that though his general plan is sufficiently apparent in the discourses, the subjects of which he treats are often but remotely connected with Judgment to come. Mr. Irving displays more of the powerful pleader, than of the severe reasoner, and he may fairly claim, in his pleadings, the licence of the orator. It strikes us, however, that the whole of the fourth discourse, though containing much wholesome truth and noble sentiment, which we should warmly approve in their place, forms an episode rather too foreign from the drift of the Argument. We wish that, instead of being, as we think, injudiciously interwoven in this series, it had been reserved for distinct publication. In illustrating the mixed constitution under which men are placed by the Christian Revelation, Mr. Irving thus vindicates the doctrine of gratuitous Forgiveness from anti-evangelical objections.

‘ If there had been any condition attached to this boon of forgiveness, we should have been in no better case than before. If it had been required that, anterior to any hope of pardon for past offences, we should be so far advanced in obedience as to be of a reputable character for honesty, or charity, or truth, or to be doing our best to attain it; then, verily, things would have been marred at the very commencement. For it would have been left to self to determine the measure of attainment upon which we could found a claim to the benefit; and the question would have been perplexed anew with that uncertain element of self-adjudication which we have already shewn is enough to shake the stability of any system. Besides, from the nature of man, which always founds a claim of right when a condition is present, it would soon have lost the character of a boon, and failed to make the impression of a free unmerited gift. But, above all, it would have opened the door to self-esteem and partiality, and every kind of palliation, to juggle us into the conceit of having reached the mark at which all was safe. And being persuaded that we were there arrived, all inducement to further efforts would have been taken away when there was no further advantage to be gained.

‘ Fortunately, however, there is no such condition attached. Every one, however enormous his sins, is invited without money, and without price, to enter under this constitution of which the very title is redemption or salvation. Any man who has come to think upon his transgressions, and found no method of escaping from the threatenings of the Divine law, hath here a city of refuge to flee to. Memory is not hindered from mourning over the past, but hope is hindered from ever despairing of the future. The time which might have been consumed in repining over the past not to be reclaimed, the load of unatoned guilt, the fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation, the strength of body and of mind which might have been exhausted in useless penance, are all annihilated at once, by the revelation of forgiveness through Jesus Christ; and we are left free to follow the new course under the full force of the new motives which may be impressed on us, being delivered not only from the impediments arising out of our own heavy conscience, but also from the discouragements which that timorous conscience conjures up in the nature of God. While yet we fear him, and see no common ground on which our sinfulness may meet with his purity and be at peace, there can be no heart in us to draw near. Nature shrinks and shudders at his inspection, while she sees no fair way to his favour. Even before a fellow mortal of great attainments, of severe justice, and of nice power to sift and scrutinize the heart, we shrink back abashed if we are conscious of crime, and fear to stand the penetration of his eye. What conscious criminal ever sought the judgment seat, or thought of the inflexible judge but with a shudder that they were to meet so soon? Did it ever happen that a man drowned in debt, could be but bowed down before the creditor to whom he owed it all? Nay, truly, the consciousness of obligation undischarged, of

duty unperformed, of offences done against any one, is like a case of cold steel around the heart, which will neither allow it to glow nor to expand. But if the unsatisfied, injured party should in mercy and in pity discharge the debt at once, then gratitude, admiration, and devotion come to take the place of overwhelming anxiety and fear. The heart is free again, and overcharged with the materials of love and lasting attachment—conscience is delivered of all but a debt of love—the breast is clear except of affection, and a dedication of a noble kind takes place of the slavery in which we were formerly bound. There ensues all the difference between a slave and a free man, added to all the difference between a free man and a devoted friend. Even such a change, no less, but greater far, takes place upon the mind which hath not feigned a God from its own imagination, but taken him as revealed in his law, when it comes to understand that through Jesus Christ all is wiped into oblivion; that it is free to feel, free to love its Maker, the same as if it had grown up in filial affection, without once having done any offence.’

pp. 177—179.

The close of this discourse is very striking.

‘ Now, as to those who hold out against this constitution of grace and justice and mercy, refusing to shelter themselves beneath law and gospel, the two wings of his love, with which the Lord of Hosts overshadoweth the tabernacles of men, (though this is not the time to speak of judgment,) we cannot close without asking them what defence they can set up for themselves at all. They admire not the purity of the law, else they would long to reach as near to it as possible through the means of the Gospel; they fear not its undischarged demands, else they would flee to the cross of Christ for a ransom; they are not accessible to affection, else Christ’s charities would attract them; they are not grateful for favours, else Christ’s unspeakable gifts would ingratiate him with their souls; they care not for the favour of God, else they would revere its overtures; they are not afraid of judgment, else they would provide against its issues. Heaven they affect not, hell they dread not. The compass of God’s promises containeth no attraction; the scope of his power createth no awe; the magnitude of his threatening engendereth no terror. The past hath no sticking remorses, the womb of the future no fearful presentiments. The present world gloweth before them in all the glory of the New Jerusalem; time filleth their minds like the immensity of eternity; the favour of the world stands them in the stead of God’s. Some form of creation is their idol, some condition of earth their heaven.

‘ Men who have thus stood out against the overtures of God, and steeled their hearts to the noble and engaging sentiments of the Gospel, have made free choice of the fatal consequences, and have themselves alone to blame. They cannot dispute God’s right to place us under government, nor that the constitution of government under which he hath placed us, is well devised to please every good feeling, and to uphold every good interest. In rejecting it, there-

fore, they stand condemned at the bar of every good feeling which refused to listen to his voice, and of every good interest which refused to be built up by his power. And if it should appear, that God denudes their future being of those good feelings which would not hear his voice, and ships them far away from those good interests which would not be upheld by his power, can they have the boldness to complain? Why, the whole matter is before them! They can take or reject; and if they coolly reject, they must stand to the consequences of their choice.

'No legislator ever pledged himself to make laws which no one would break: neither does God. The legislator makes the best he can devise, and assigns to the breaking of them suitable punishments: so doth God. A culprit may curse the law, but the law seizeth him notwithstanding: so doth God. This is universally held just, wise, and the greatest mercy upon the whole: why should not God have the same verdict of our mind? For no code was ever constructed on such principles of mercy and forgiveness as his, or took such pains to captivate its subjects to obedience. But have our verdict, or not have it, God careth not. He hath prepared a constitution upon which all men may be justified before all created intelligences, and upon which they may be condemned before all created intelligences; upon which he can justify himself to himself, and to the noble orders of creation, and even to our own conscience, reprobate and sunken though it be. That is all, and there needeth no more upon this head of our argument.' pp. 214—6.

The most ingenious discourse is that on 'the preliminaries of the judgement,' and it contains some very striking illustrations of the condition of the separate spirit; but they will not admit of detached extracts. The comment on Matt. xxv. 31. &c. in the following discourse, is more ingenious than satisfactory, but we have not room to enter on the subject. We hasten to give one more extract, which we take from the concluding discourse, in which Mr. Irving has put forth all his strength.

'Do you disbelieve it then? Do you think God will not be so bad as his word? When did he fail? Did he fail at Eden, when the world fell? Did he fail at the deluge, where the world was cleansed of all animation, save a handful? Did he fail upon the cities of the plain, though remonstrated with by his friend, the father of the faithful? Failed he in the ten plagues of Egypt, or against the seven nations of Canaan; or, when he armed against his proper people, did ever his threatened judgments fail? Did he draw off when his own Son was suffering, and remove the cup from his innocent lips? And think ye he will fail, brethren, of that future destiny, from which to retrieve us he hath undertaken all his wondrous works unto the children of men? Why, if it were but an idle threat, would he not have spared his only-begotten Son, and not delivered him up to death? That sacred blood, as it is the security of

heaven to those who trust in it, is the very seal of hell to those who despise it.

‘ Disbelieve you cannot ; brave it out you dare not ; then you must hope, at some more convenient season to reform. So hoped the five virgins who slumbered and slept without oil in their lamps ; and you know how they fared. Neither have you forgotten how the merchant, and the farmer, and the sons of pleasure, who refused the invitation to the marriage feast of the king's son, were consumed with fire from heaven. What is your life, that you should trust in it : is it not even a vapour that speedily passeth away ? What security have you that heaven will warn you before hand, or that heaven will help you to repentance whenever you please ? Will the resolution of your mind gather strength as your other faculties of body and mind decay ? Will sin grow weaker by being a while longer indulged : or God grow more friendly by being a while longer spurned ; or the Gospel more persuasive by being a while longer set at naught ? I rede you, brethren, to beware of the thief of time, Procrastination. This day is as convenient as to-morrow ; this day is yours, to-morrow is not ; this day is a day of mercy, to-morrow may be a day of doom.

‘ But the work is not the work of a moment, that it should be put off like the making of a will or the writing of a farewell epistle. It is the work of a lifetime, and too great a work for a lifetime. And if St. Paul, after such ceaseless labours and unwearied contentions with his nature, had still his anxieties, and speaks of the righteous* as being hardly or with difficulty saved, how do you dare to defer it from time to time, as a thing that can at any season, and in any space, be performed ?

‘ And, oh heavens ! is God to be thus entreated by his creatures ? Are they to insist for their own convenience, and put off the honour of his friendship from time to time, preferring this indulgence, that engagement, and trifling downright with his proffered invitations ? And being thus put off, will the King of the Universe endure it patiently ? Yes, he endures it patiently—that is, he leaves you to yourselves, and does not cut you off with prompt and speedy vengeance. But he leaves you to yourselves, and every refusal hardens you a little more, and every resistance closes up another avenue of grace, and every postponement places further off the power of acceptance ; and though God changeth not his mercy, we change our capacity of mercy—cooling more and more, hardening more and more, till old age, with its lethargy and fixed habits, steals on apace, and feeble-mindedness, and sickness, which brings with it the routine of sick-bed attendance, but little or no repentance, no opportunity for new obedience, no space for trying the spirit we are of,—and death to such a penitent becomes a leap in the dark—but, as such penitents are rare or never, death to such procrastinators rivets up

* It should be, St. Peter—see 1 Eph. iv. 18.

the closing avenues of grace, and presents him to the judgment-seat, fixed, finished, and incurable!' pp. 545—7.

These extracts will sufficiently justify our high estimate of Mr. Irving's talents, while they at the same time exhibit him as the fearless advocate of Scriptural truth. No reader, we imagine, will call in question, after perusing them, the general correctness of the Author's theological creed. But, since the Preacher has discovered a marked solicitude to be considered as opposed, on some points, to his evangelical brethren, we should not be doing justice either to him or to our readers, to pass over those passages in his work which avow a supposed peculiarity of sentiment.

The first point of difference respects the early use of catechisms, which, 'however serviceable in their place, have,' he remarks, 'the disadvantage of presenting the truth in a form altogether different from what it occupies in the Word itself.' They are not, he says, 'good instruments of education, being above the level of youth and the most of men, addressing only the intellect, and that only with logical forms of truth, not with narrative, with example, with eloquence, or with feeling.' (pp. 11, 43.) We think that there is some truth in Mr. Irving's remark, as applicable to certain doctrinal catechisms. Indeed, we are disposed to go somewhat further than he does: he is 'proud to possess such catechetical books as' his 'church doth acknowledge,' though 'discontented that they should have stepped from their proper place of discerning heresy and preserving in the church a unity of faith.' We deny their adaptation or efficiency for this their alleged proper design, and are discontented altogether with their imposition as tests. And as to the Assembly's Catechism, highly as we venerate the memory of its Authors, we are far from proud of possessing it, its phraseology being, in our opinion, in several instances, highly injudicious, not to say inaccurate. We quite disapprove of it as an instrument of education. But the sweeping objection against Catechisms on the ground of their being above the level of youth, will not apply to many which are in general use among us; and it forms no argument at all against catechetical instruction when properly conducted. We cannot answer for the state of things in Mr. Irving's own country, but we are inclined to think, that a neglect of catechetical forms, and a withholding of doctrinal instruction from the young, is the extreme into which we in England are in much the greater danger of falling, at least as regards the middle classes. If Mr. Irving would discountenance any sort of catechetical instruction, we must protest against his notion

as at war with every rational principle of education. But we apprehend, that, though he has spoken unguardedly, he means only to deprecate the early initiation of children into metaphysical subtleties and controversial divinity. Candour requires us to put this construction on his meaning when taken in connexion with the following judicious remarks.

‘ If you would have your child to flourish in religious life, you must not sequester the subject of religion from your table or your household, nor keep him in the dark till he arrive at years of reflection; but from the first dawn of thought and effort of will, teach him with a winning voice, and with a gentle hand lead him into the ways of God. The raw opinion that a certain maturity of judgment must be tarried for, before entering into religious conference with our children, comes of that notion which pervades the religious world, that religion rests upon the concoction of certain questions in theology, to which mature years are necessary; whereas it rests upon the authority of God, which a child can comprehend so soon as it can the authority of its father; the love of Christ, which a child can comprehend so soon as it can the love of its mother; the assistance of the Spirit, which it can comprehend so soon as it is alive to the need of instruction or of help from its parents; the difference between right and wrong, which it may be taught so soon as it can perform the one and avoid the other. There is a religion of childhood, and a religion of manhood; the former standing mostly in authority, the latter in authority and reason conjoined; the former referring chiefly to words and actions, the latter embracing also principles and sentiments. But because you cannot instil into children the full maturity of religious truth, is no more argument for neglecting to travel with them on religion, than it would be to refuse teaching them obedience to yourself and respect of others, till they could comprehend the principles on which parental obedience and friendly respect are grounded.’ pp. 58, 9.

In this very sensible passage, however, our readers may have observed a reference to ‘ the religious world,’ wearing very much the appearance of contempt. This feeling breaks out, in another discourse, into haughty and unwarrantable aggression.

‘ I am convinced,’ says the Preacher, ‘ from the constant demand of the religious world for the preaching of faith and forgiveness, and their constant kicking against the preaching of Christian morals; the constant appetite for mercy, and disrelish of righteousness and judgment; or, if righteousness, it be the constant demand that it should be the imputed righteousness of Christ, not our own personal righteousness; from these features of the evangelical part of men, I do greatly fear, nay, I am convinced, that many of them are pillowing their hopes upon something else than the sanctification and changed life which the Gospel hath wrought.’ pp. 363.

Now, whether he will hear, or whether he will forbear, we must briefly address Mr. Irving, on this very exceptionable passage, in the language of no unkind remonstrance. We ask him, in the first place, what he means by 'the religious world,' and 'the evangelical part of men.' Here is a young man just come among us from Glasgow: what can he know of this religious world, that should justify him in making these general and most unjust assertions? Is it seemly, or does it partake of the meekness of wisdom, thus rashly to generalize upon the strength of a few prominent facts, respecting the character of the attendants on evangelical preaching? It is true, he does not in this place charge the alleged distaste for Christian morals on the preachers; but, where they enjoy any measure of popularity, they must obviously be considered as answering to the appetites and demands of their congregations. Taking, then, the religious world of the metropolis, we would put the question plainly to the Author's conscience, whether, within the Establishment, the preaching of the Rev. Daniel Wilson, or of the Hon. and Rev. Gerard Noel, of the Rev. Josiah Pratt or of the late John Owen,—all of them deservedly popular ministers, will bear out his allegation. A similar appeal might be made with regard to the most generally known among the Dissenting ministers, whose character Mr. Irving ought to have known before he ventured on branding them as favourers of antinomianism. It will avail nothing in his defence, to cite some two or three instances of the *ultra*-evangelical preaching he complains of. They are the exceptions, which stand aloof, together with their votaries, from the mass of that body which Mr. Irving has unthinkingly calumniated.

But we do not complain of the passage simply on account of its injustice: its tendency is most pernicious. Mr. Irving is here siding with the world, in one of its most tenacious and injurious prejudices, against evangelical preaching. He is teaching his hearers, who are not of a class to be in danger of infection from hyper-calvinism, but who are likely enough to catch the tone of their favourite Preacher in judging and speaking of what they know little of,—teaching them to regard with aversion and haughty contempt, those ministers who give due prominence to the doctrines of the Gospel. The whole religious world, it seems, has gone wrong; and the constant demand for Christian morals, and the constant kicking against evangelical preaching, which have characterised those who belong not to that world, have proceeded, doubtless, from an enlightened jealousy for Gospel sanctification. Mr. Irving stigmatises the prevailing strain of preaching Christ, by 'our pastors,' as 'the most feeble and ineffectual which the Christian world hath ever heard.' Does he mean to tell us that this is the case

with the pastors of the Scottish Kirk, his brethren? If so, we will leave them to make their own defence. But his hearers and readers will make no nice restrictions. They will understand by 'the religious word,' naturally enough, the whole religious world, the Caledonian Chapel and its minister excepted; and their distaste of that world will thus be fortified into a licensed antipathy under the sanction of their Oracle. Mr. Irving has furnished them with the very terms of irreligious sarcasm. 'Why do I hear,' he exclaims, 'the constant babbling about simple reliance and simple dependence upon Christ?' Will Mr. Irving deny that these phrases are at least susceptible of a most important meaning? Does he estimate lightly the danger against which the admonitions they imply, are intended to guard the minds of men? No; this, we are persuaded, he does not. But will his hearers ever again hear such phrases without a sneer? There may be 'babbling' about 'simple reliance' in some quarters, as there may be babbling about any other doctrine; but such 'constant babbling' on these points, we confess we have not been accustomed to hear; nor is it to be heard except from some two or three individuals, with whom Mr. Irving may perchance have come in contact.

But we have again and again complaints against 'the evangelical preachers;' and it is not a little remarkable how petulant, how almost profane and abusive the Author becomes when he touches this string. 'Now I do not wish to go to war with the evangelical preachers,' he says in one place, 'I love them so well; but I cannot help challenging them,' &c. In another, 'Oh! I hate such ignorant prating, because it taketh the high airs of orthodoxy, and would blast me as a heretical liar if I go to teach the people that the word of God is a well-spring of life,' &c. 'But these high airs and pitiful pelting words,' he adds, 'are very trifling to me.' And in a third place, he adopts a style of adjuration, 'In the holy name of Christ, and the three times holy name of God,'—as irreverent as it is uncalled for. Who, then, among the orthodox and evangelical, has been calling Mr. Irving heretic or liar? What private wrong can have stirred him up to take wordy vengeance on the public body? The feeling of irritation is too palpable to be mistaken for high-minded zeal. Whatever be the cause, we trust that the evangelical preachers will know how to return to Mr. Irving's sneers or calumnies, the reply of Calvin to the invectives of Luther: 'Let him call me dog or devil, I will acknowledge him for a servant of God.'

In connexion with one of these challenges to the orthodox, Mr. Irving animadvert with perhaps a justifiable severity on

certain notions tending to the disparagement of the Word of God. From the general tenor of his remarks, we should have imagined that he was *defending* the sentiments of evangelical preachers against the old Quakers, or some modern opponents of the Bible Society, had he not, strange to say, told us, that he was fighting against the evangelicals, who are, it seems, at once the most active in distributing the Scriptures, and the most dogmatic in depreciating their moral efficacy! It must be not a little amusing, we think, to profane lookers on, to behold this strenuous advocate for the Oracles of God, at such a crisis as this, leaving Dubois and Norris and Carlile to prosecute their devil's work with impunity, while he turns upon the religious world, and rates the evangelicals, the supporters of Missions and Bible Societies, for undervaluing and disparaging the Bible.

Who would not laugh if such a man there be?

Who would not weep if Atticus were he?

We are not blind to the errors and inconsistencies which obtain in the religious world; of which world our knowledge is possibly not less extensive than that to which Mr. Irving can lay claim, while it may be of longer standing. We deprecate as warmly as he, finical creeds, scholastic dogmas, cold, barren systems, and meagre orthodoxy. But such is not, we are happy to think, the prevailing character of the day. Such is not the orthodoxy which has been upheld and vindicated in our pages; and we should gladly have hailed Mr. Irving as an auxiliary, had he not, while holding substantially the same sentiments as ourselves, waywardly persisted in announcing himself as a reformer and an opponent. We say substantially the same, notwithstanding here and there an equivocal phrase or objectionable expression, into which the boldness of his fancy and the immaturity of his judgement may have betrayed him*. We think that he demands, at the hands of all the friends of religion, the welcome, the candid treatment, and the honour due to no mean champion of the best of causes. On this account, we disdain all petty criticism. The world loves its own; it is never at a loss to palliate the faults of its favour-

* Among these, we feel constrained to advert to a passage at p. 459. which, in connexion with some other unguarded expressions, is capable of being much misunderstood, as if sanctioning compliances and indulgencies on the part of religious persons, fatal to the spirit, if not palpably opposite to the letter of Christian morality. Yet, the manner in which Mr. Irving has expressed himself on the subject of wordly pleasures, at p. 441, warrants the persuasion that such a construction would be a perversion of his meaning.

ites, and is often found doting on the very imbecilities of its men of wit and genius. What an ado is it making with its small poets and smaller philosophers! Now, in point of originality, and boldness of thought, and vigour of faculty, and force of expression, we may challenge the whole tribe of infidel wittlings and sentimentalists to produce such a volume as this. There is a vast parade of imitating our elder poets and classic writers; but we know of no one among the literati of the day, with the single exception of Coleridge, who has succeeded in catching so large a portion of the spirit of those giant models. Mr. Irving's phraseology is disfigured by the affectation of quaint and obsolete words not worth reviving. This weakness we hope to see him outgrow. But the march of his periods, as well as the occasional beauty of his imagery, (though strength, rather than grace, is the usual attribute of his style,) reminds one continually of Milton's prose writings, without suggesting the idea, as is the case in reading the inflatedrodomontade of Wordsworth, of servile imitation. Then, dismissing the consideration of his style, there is a noble elevation of sentiment pervading the volume, which, in any other than a theological work, would not fail to raise the Author into consideration as a high-minded patriot; and no doubt could be entertained of his success, had he chosen a different sphere for the display of his oratory. We admit that the theological value of the volume is quite independent of these considerations; yet, we cannot suffer the literary merit of the work to be overlooked or depreciated because it is a religious work, when, as a production, it so far transcends, in texture of thought and sterling qualities of mind, the average literature of the day. As a theologian, we confess, we do not think Mr. Irving 'thoroughly furnished.' He is neither so original as he imagines himself, nor as his phraseology may lead others to suppose: which is all the better, for truth is very old, and novelty on such topics is always suspicious. But he has the invaluable art of setting familiar truth in a new light. We do not think him so clear in all his views as he is eloquent in stating them, nor always so judicious as he is explicit, and bold, and impressive. The worst blots in the work, are the imprecations, the assumption of almost inspired authority in his denunciations and anathemas, which nothing short of inspiration can justify. We earnestly conjure him to weed the volume of these revolting improprieties. He adverts in one place to Taylor, to Bates, to Howe, and to Baxter, as master-spirits of 'the olden time.' We cannot offer him better advice than to give his leisure to the last two of these, especially Howe, a master in divinity whom he needs not fear to follow, and whose seraphic spirit he will

be happy in imbibing. Let him eschew Taylor, an unsafe guide and seductive model to one of Mr. Irving's ardent imagination, and converse more with Hooker, and Barrow, and Leighton.

Art. II. *Musæ Solitariae*. A Collection of Original Melodies, adapted to various Measures of Psalms and Hymns; with Words at Length, and a full Accompaniment for the Piano-forte or Organ. Intended as a Help to Devotion, in the Closet or the Domestic Circle. folio. pp. 80. Price 12s. London. 1823.

THIS very elegant volume is the production of the Rev. Mr. Jowett, the brother of the estimable representative of the Church Missionary Society at Malta, at whose request some of the melodies were composed, to suit an Italian version of some of the Psalms by Mattei. It is introduced to the public in a preface distinguished by its unaffected modesty.

'It is with much diffidence,' says the Author, 'that the following compositions are submitted to the public eye. They were written, chiefly, for my own private or domestic gratification, and without the least idea of their wandering beyond the circle of my immediate friends. But, finding my manuscripts, in the course of years, considerably multiplied; and being led to suppose that my solitary musings may find acceptance in other families—lovers, like myself, of Sacred Harmony—I venture at length, to print the contents of the present volume. Its pretensions as an original or scientific work, are, I am conscious, very humble. It contains, however, no wilful plagiarisms, and, I would hope, no material offences against good taste and correct composition. Such as it is, I commend it to the indulgence of the Public; having no higher aim, than to assist and edify those who comply with the Apostolic admonition—"speaking to themselves in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in their heart to the Lord."'

It is so long since any contribution has been made to Sacred Music, having pretensions to original talent in combination with devotional feeling, that we must confess we have derived more than ordinary gratification from these chaste and classical compositions. They are evidently the production of no common hand. Scientific without affectation, they discover in every page that acquaintance with musical literature, which, in other things, would be termed scholarship; they are indeed full of classical allusions, but these are perfectly distinguishable from palpable imitation; and frequently, the character of the composition is as original as it is always exquisitely tasteful. But their palmary merit is, that, with an exception or two which we shall presently notice, they breathe that genuine language of devotion which music was, by Him who made us, in-

tended to express, and which we had almost begun to look upon as a dead language, like the Latin, so seldom do we hear it spoken. The melodies are thirty-nine in number. Nos. I. to XXV. are adapted to hymns which may be found in the principal modern collections. The words of Nos. XXVI. to XXXIII. are from the pen of an anonymous writer in the *Christian Observer*. No. XXXIV. is the very beautiful Missionary Hymn by the Bishop of Calcutta. This is followed by three Italian Psalms and a Gloria Patri. The collection closes with 'a humble attempt to give musical expression to one of 'the most pathetic poems of Henry Kirke White,'—the ode to Disappointment.

The compositions are not intended or adapted for public worship: few of them are in that style of severe simplicity and majestic plainness which choir music demands. Mr. Jowett's taste evidently inclines rather to the ornamental and sentimental in music. And yet, there are traces, if we mistake not, of his study of Handel, that greatest of choralists. No. X. is a noble psalm: the first two bars remind us of that most exquisite air and chorus in the Dettingen Te Deum, 'Lord, in 'Thee have I trusted;' but the reference is very slight, and only awakes a pleasing recollection, which detracts nothing from the originality of the thought. This air might be introduced into congregational worship with good effect, although we should fear that the delicacy of the third line would be injured. Nos. II. XII. and XIX. might also be safely used in public worship, though of a somewhat different character. The first of these airs is very pleasing and plaintive, and the repetition of the last line of the verse is one of the happiest instances that we recollect, of what we think a much abused and often injudicious practice. The second is meritorious for its great simplicity, and is the more acceptable on account of the paucity of good tunes for that measure. The third* is a short metre air, characterised by its uncommon elegance. The loveliest things in the volume, however, in our opinion, are those which are adapted exclusively to domestic use, and which depend for their effect on the rich accompaniment. Of this description is the very tasteful and touching melody, No. XXIII., as well as two others in the same fine key of E major, Nos. XXVII. and XXIX., both of them of considerable merit. No. XXVIII., a pastoral air in the key of B minor, is in the style of Corelli: the instrument is indispensable to its execu-

* We observe a typographical error in the penultimate bar of the base in this air; D for B.

tion. No. XXXIV., the Missionary Hymn, on this account somewhat disappointed us; it is so absolutely dependent on the accompaniment, and, though not destitute of merit, is by no means happy in expressing the spirit of the hymn, which demanded a graver and chaster melody. We have to complain of a still more palpable want of adaptation in Nos. XVII. XXVI. and XXXV. The first of these seems partly borrowed, though, we doubt not, unconsciously, from a favourite song, "No, 'twas neither shape nor feature." The beginning strongly reminds us of that air, and the words of the song are far more appropriate to the melody, than those of the hymn, which is itself by no means in the best taste,—a lullaby to a dying saint. The words, in the second instance, are very beautiful, but the melody is utterly incongruous; so much so, that we are quite at a loss to account for such an error of judgment and feeling in a man of Mr. Jowett's taste and piety. The last of the three (No. XXXV.) is one of the most elegant and lovely airs in the volume, but nearly as unsuitable for a *Miserere*, as the Dead March in Saul would be to a *Jubilate* or *Magnificat*. No mere English reader would suspect, on hearing the melody, the import of the Italian words. It is followed, however, by an exquisite air, tender, yet solemn, simple in its structure, but rich in harmony. We scarcely know which we prefer, this or No. XXXI.—a composition of very similar character, slightly reminding us of Handel's *Rendi'l sereno*. Both will be favourites. But were we to fix on some one melody as the master-piece, we think it would be the last in the volume, the 'Ode to Disappointment.' This is exceedingly happy in its appropriateness and force of expression, and partakes at once of grandeur and pathos. It is the only *adagio*; indeed, the only instance in which any direction is given to the performer as to time or style, which is an omission in such a work, as the proper effect of many of the melodies absolutely depends on the time. Altogether, the volume does great credit to the fancy, skill, and feeling of the Composer; and in the name of the musical public, we tender him our best thanks for the standing gratification which it will administer. For we will not conceal that we are of the number of those persons who think it "a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord upon an instrument of ten strings, upon the harp with a solemn sound;" only preferring to either harp or any other stringed instrument, one with which the Psalmist, with all due deference to King James's Translators, was certainly unacquainted, the 'breathing organ.'

It was the dry remark of a Protestant clergyman of a foreign communion, himself no mean composer, that the Reformation

in England was a very good thing, only it spoiled all our music. There are many persons on both sides of the Tweed, who will think that it would hardly have deserved the name of a Reformation had it spared our church music. The white shirt is not more abominable to the true-bred disciples of Knox or Cameron, than the 'box of whistles;' and a stringed instrument would scarcely excite less horror in an antiburgher kirk, than a crucifix. And though the prejudice has never perhaps been quite so strong among us, yet, till very recently, all sorts of instrumental accompaniments were regarded by Dissenters in general, as utterly Jewish or Popish in their character, and unseemly in Christian worship. Of late years, however, innovations have been creeping in among us. On the plea of necessity or of expediency, the modest flute has been suffered to perform the functions of the pitch-pipe, and to keep the choir in tune. The violoncello has gained admission, in other places, on the same plausible pretext. By and by, both have been tolerated, or the clarionet has taken the place of the flute, as the bassoon is the substitute for the bass viol. We have actually heard three different instruments; and indeed, as Rippon's tune-book gives the Alto and Counter-tenor of the airs, it is naturally concluded on that high authority, that there is nothing to forbid their being sung and supported in the same way as the undeniably orthodox base. Thus choirs and bands have been formed, and at length, in several popular chapels—far be from ears polite the old-fashioned term meeting house—the experiment has been made, and has succeeded, of introducing an organ.

Now had the progress of musical taste kept pace with this slow-creeping innovation, or, what is of infinitely greater importance, had the mode of conducting the most solemn and delightful part of public worship in our religious assemblies, undergone a corresponding improvement, we should unfeignedly rejoice in the gradual abandonment which has taken place among us to a great extent, of a very venerable, but not very reasonable prejudice. This, however, has not been the case. The contents of our modern tune-books shew very unequivocally that taste has been retrograding; that a love of novelty and noise has taken the place of musical feeling; and the state of our psalmody remains the fit subject for sarcasm, or rather, for serious regret and grave remonstrance. 'Of all our religious solemnities,' was the remark of Dr. Watts, 'psalmody is the most unhappily managed. That very action which should elevate us to the most delightful and divine sensations, doth not only flatten our devotion, but too often awakes our regret, and touches all the springs of uneasiness within us.'

Were the good Dr. to rise from his grave, he would not find matters much better managed among us in the present day; and sorely would it disquiet his spirit, to hear some of his own psalms and hymns performed to the tunes of our modern *dis-*composers. We have long intended to advert to this topic, and the present opportunity seems too fair a one to be let slip, for offering a few desultory remarks on the object which Mr. Jowett has had at heart, the cultivation of sacred music.

To clear our ground, it might once have been needful to begin by discussing the much agitated question, the lawfulness of instrumental music in Christian assemblies. The precedent of the Temple worship was pleaded in vain in its defence, against those sturdy Puritan polemics who demanded express precept for the minutest circumstantial of religious ordinances. We cannot blame them; for what had not been foisted into Christian worship under one pretence or another? But it is strange, that those good and great men should not have perceived, that the true question is, not the lawfulness of instruments, but the lawfulness of music in the service of God. The word 'instrumental' narrowed and perplexed the question; for the lawfulness of music being established, the lawfulness of the instrument would seem to follow in course. To state the matter syllogistically, we might take for our major proposition, that all the means requisite for the due performance of lawful acts, are in themselves lawful. Then, the performance of music in religious worship, is a lawful act, and instruments are requisite to its due performance. *Ergo*, instrumental music is lawful. We are quite aware what would be deemed the vulnerable point in our syllogism. The assumption would be denied, that instruments are requisite to music; and on this we should join issue with our grave respondent. It would now be necessary to review our terms, and call in the aid of definitions; and it would appear to be a question not wholly impertinent, What is music? Our opponent would doubtless maintain, that singing is music, and that instruments are not necessary in order to singing the praises of God. We should, in turn, deny that singing and music are synonymous words. Singing is making a noise, which may be, or may not be music; and if the mere articulation of the praises of God be all that is required in worship, that may be performed without the aid of any tune; the hymn may be said instead of sung, and, along with instruments, all variety of parts at least may be dispensed with. The Quakers are the most consistent anti-harmonists; they content themselves with making melody in their hearts,—with the music of the spheres, and banish instruments, and music,

and singing together. Assuredly, when instruments are banished, music will not be long after them.

We put the question, then, in all gravity, What is Music? Does it consist in singing, or in playing on an organ or a piano-forte, so as to produce an orderly succession of pleasing sounds, or what is termed a tune? So the child thinks when he beats his drum, or listens to the barrel organ. So thinks his sister as she tinkles the piano-forte. Add to a certain agreeable titillation of the auricular organs, the idea of skill in the performance, and you have all that many persons understand by fine music. Accordingly, a new song of Mr. Braham's, a concerto on the violoncello by Mr. Linley, or a noisy chorus, yields, to the majority of those who frequent oratorios and concert rooms, the height of what musical enjoyment they are capable of receiving. And similar is the gratification participated by the young persons in our crowded congregations, in the exultant performance of some four-part tune in Mr. Walker's "Appendix." Such persons are all 'extremely fond of music,' doubtless; and, it may be, excellent singers. Yet, speak to them in the genuine language of music, and you would find, that the greater part had no more ear for it, than the deaf adder. They have no idea of music *as a language*; they do not even understand the expression: it is no language to them. Play to them one of the sublime harmonies of Dr. Croft or Battishill, and it will waken no emotion specifically different from that produced by a noisy vulgar air by some Mr. Leech or Mr. Walker: if the latter were not preferred as the livelier of the two, it would be thought at least not less fitting for the expression of religious sentiments, than the old-fashioned dull tune. To such persons, Mr. Jowett's volume would be a sealed book; or, if some of the brisker airs found favour with them on the score of novelty, wretchedly would they be travestied in the performance. As 'a help to devotion,' they would be of no use to them, although they might be some help to amusement. 'Sacred harmony' means, in common acceptance, nothing more than tunes which it is not profane to sing on a Sunday; and under this phrase, many tunes are gleefully performed by our choirs and congregations, which absolutely verge on profaneness. Of the power of music to express or call up specific emotions, of the adaptation of musical expression to religious sentiments, little or nothing is understood. Hence, no incongruity is perceived when the expression of the air and that of the words are, as frequently happens, contradictory. "Water parted from the Sea," and "Drink to me only," are now-a-days deemed quite as good hymn-tunes as Bedford or Handel's civth.; and whereas our grave forefathers

were apt to make rather dismal merriment when they rejoiced aloud to Crowle tune, their descendants proceed to the far more exceptionable extreme, of complaining of spiritual heaviness in airs borrowed from Vauxhall. All this would be simply ludicrous, if the worship of God were not concerned. The offence against musical taste might be pardoned, if no outrage was committed on religious propriety.

But music is a language, and when introduced into the worship of God, its influence cannot be of a negative character. This deterioration of musical taste is much more intimately connected than many persons imagine, with either the absence or the perversion of those feelings which social worship is designed to call into exercise. That part of the public service of religion which, when properly conducted, is at once the most solemn and the most delightful, is, for the most part, suffered to become a hinderance, rather than a help to devotion. The state of our public singing is, in fact, a disgrace to our churches. We do not say that this arises altogether from the neglect of music; but certainly, matters could never have proceeded to this length, had a proper attention been bestowed on the cultivation of ecclesiastical music as a part of Divine worship. We are quite satisfied, that, if music is not worth being cultivated for religion's sake, singing ought to be banished from our places of worship. If music is not capable of aiding devotion, it is certainly very capable of destroying it, and what were so much worse than useless, had better be dispensed with. We cannot consent to regard this subject as one of subordinate importance. What may be the value or beneficial influence of music in itself considered, or viewed as a secular amusement, we care not to determine; we are speaking of it as connected with that sacred object which reflects its own dignity and importance on every thing belonging to it. We think that there are religious motives which urge an attention to music as a science; because it is only when studied as we would study any other language, that we can learn to speak and understand it aright. There is no religion in music, we admit; but, if music were not capable of subserving a religious purpose, it would never have been made a part of Divine worship. We might go further, and say, that we should not, in that case, have been made susceptible of the pleasures of music. He who created us what we are, as regards our physical capacities, has made us what we are for his own glory; and, in endowing us with this extraordinary faculty of giving melodious expression to our feelings, and in making us capable of the physical emotions produced by harmony, the Almighty doubtless had in view some end connected with that only worthy purpose of

our being. The very design of music, considered as the law of sounds, would seem to be, the connecting of delight with the liturgical adoration of the Deity. Music is the native language of delight: it may be made to express sorrow or complaint, or other pensive emotions, but this is only as there is a 'joy in grief,' a solace in complaint, a rapture in the tears of contrition and in the sigh of hope, which come the nearest to the unmixed delights which awake and sustain the harmonies of heaven. And the delight which music was designed to express, is that of the happy being joying in his Creator and in the works of his hands. The long divorce which both the science and the practice of music have suffered from its genuine purpose, has well nigh obliterated, in the minds of most persons, all idea of its Divine origin, and, with that, all sense of the wisdom and goodness displayed in that law of our physical constitution on which it depends. It is thought of as the mere invention of man, being identified with the abuses to which it has been perverted, rather than with its true design. Man, however, was no more the author of the musical scale, than he was of the rainbow. The facts which are the basis of all harmony,—the chord which is heard when a single note is struck upon a bell; the responsive vibrations of solid bodies to some one note of the scale; that exquisite phenomenon, the Eolian harp, which gives forth such varied and expressive harmony from strings tuned in unison; the inherent and inexplicable difference of expression between the major and the minor modes, which even an infant perceives when the minor third is struck instead of the major chord;—all these facts, we say, belong as much to the laws of nature, are as much proofs of all-wise and beneficent design, as the phenomena of optics and the magnificence of the visible creation. Music is a human science, just as the other branches of natural philosophy are human sciences; it may be considered, indeed, as almost a branch of the mathematics,—the link between abstract truth and sensitive pleasure, the algebra of feeling. But though a human science, it is no more a human invention than the Divine gift of speech. It is a low and degrading view of music, which considers it as primarily an amusement, although it is perhaps the most innocent and rational of amusements. It is at least capable of being something much more than this. Its lowest praise is, that it is one of the few sensitive pleasures that leave no stain; it can excite the imagination without polluting it. But its acknowledged power of suspending the force of the angry passions, and of quieting the mind, as well as of predisposing to the exercise of the social affections, gives it the character of a moral medicine, and illustrates its fitness for the purposes of

devotion. We need not go to heathen fable in proof of its suasive and medicative power. The manner in which the harp of the Son of Jesse wrought on Saul, is matter of history. And the predisposing power of music seems at least to be recognised when it is said, that the prophet Elisha, on being inquired of by the confederate kings of Israel, Judah, and Edom, called for a minstrel, and that "when the minstrel played, the hand of the Lord came upon him."*

Now then, will it be contended for a moment, that our church singing or congregational singing, is music, or is adapted to answer the moral purpose of music? Any thing but this. It serves to relieve the preacher, to display the tuneful gifts of the clerk or the choir, to amuse that portion of the congregation who delight to exercise their voices, and possibly, to sooth a few good people who are blessed with no ear for music, and who, though they cannot tell one tune from another, can make melody in their hearts to the Lord. But it is by means of abstraction *from* the music, not by its aid, that any persons possessed of musical feeling, are enabled to join with any complacency in the public worship. Often and often have we had occasion to regret our unfortunate sensibility of ear, (though by no means excessive or fastidious,) when chained by propriety to our seat in the house of prayer during the vociferations of a graceless band. Often has the exclamation of good old John Ryland, of Northampton, on one occasion, occurred to us: 'Do ye call that singing? If the angels in heaven were to hear ye, they would come down and wring your necks off.'

We are far from supposing that the introduction of instruments would remedy this state of things: it might only aggravate the evil. An organ has the good effect of drowning the vociferations of the clerk, and of softening down the shouts of the singers; but an organ may be a sad nuisance. It must, however, be admitted, that any thing like music is seldom obtainable without the aid of an organ; first, because music can be readily acquired only by means of an instrument; secondly, because it requires far more skill to *perform* the simplest harmony without the aid of instruments; thirdly, because all our associations are in favour of the religious use of the organ, and there is a solemnizing effect in its tones; and fourthly, because organ music is, in a general way, more nearly allied to serious feeling, than vocal music adapted for any other species of accompaniment. It is not that the instrument is indispens-

* 2 Kings iii. 15.

able to the physical performance of the vocal worship, but it is all but morally necessary to its due performance;—necessary to the maintenance of a devotional taste in our congregations, in connexion with genuine musical feeling, and, in a word, to the very existence of church music. It is a fact, that where there is no organ, or no instrumental substitute for an organ, the unrivalled compositions of the old masters are very rarely heard. Take, for instance, one of the very finest psalm tunes in existence, St. Matthew's, which it was never our good fortune to hear sung in any Dissenting place of worship in our lives, and which we believe to be quite unknown to the majority of our congregations. Others of the same class might be mentioned. On the other hand, when the attempt is made to perform some of the modern tunes on the organ, the effect is almost ludicrous, the impropriety palpable. The organ will not lend itself to such mean and puerile expression: it is, therefore, a kind of security against the total depravation of taste, which has inundated us with snatches of glees, and jigs, and marches, and other musical patchwork, in lieu of 'devotional harmony.' Besides, an organist must have some knowledge of music and musical expression: our singing clerks have, for the most part, none.

But our liking for organists, is, we confess, not much greater than for singing clerks. We as little approve, at least, of entrusting the direction of Divine worship in the hands of the salaried musician, as in those of the hired vocalist. Singing either is a part of worship, or it is not. If it is not, it ought to be done away with. If it is, it ought not to be thought beneath the attention of the officers of the church. In this respect, as in almost every other connected with the administration of public worship, the Moravian churches set a most instructive example. One of their ministers was once asked by a clergyman of the Church of England, who found him presiding at the organ, what steps he should take in order to introduce such a style of playing in his own church. 'Send away your organist,' was the advice given in reply. 'But such singing too!' 'Send away your clerk.' The clergyman naturally inquired, who was to supply their places. 'Is it possible,' was the reply, 'that no person could be found among the pious members of your congregation, who would esteem it an honour to be so employed in the service of God; no young lady, who could preside at the organ; no ecclesiastic who would, as among us, when his services were not elsewhere demanded, assist at this most solemn part of the worship?' The clergyman came away, we fear, disheartened. "Who is there among you," it might well be said to our modern congregations,

"that would shut the doors for nought? neither do ye kindle
"fire on mine altar for nought." Those readers who may be
disposed to think that we are laying too great stress on the
degradation of our psalmody, will do well to reflect on the
contempt into which the office of clerk has in consequence
fallen. By one of those singular changes in the conventional
use of a word, which shew how imperfect a guide is etymology,
that word which still in legal and ecclesiastical documents is
used to describe a person in holy orders, has become so identified
with an inferior office in the church, as to denote, in common
parlance, a person not recognized as an ecclesiastic; a stipen-
diary generally taken from the humblest ranks, and employed
more out of regard to his necessities, than his qualifications.
The clerk of the congregation is a hired servant who ranks with
the pew-openers or the sexton. In the Establishment, indeed,
his other parochial duties lift him up into a little authority;
besides which, his emphatic Amen is almost as essential to the
service, as the functions of the organ-blower to the performer.
But among Dissenters, he is only a person who lets out his
voice one day in the week at so much *per annum*, and whose
motive for undertaking the drudgery is supplied by his poverty.
No wonder, then, that the office of clerk should be regarded as
a menial one, though it is he, in fact, who is entrusted with the
direction of the most solemn part of the public service, and
who, in most instances, actually opens the service. If the
choice of the hymn is not absolutely or uniformly left to him,
the tune by which that hymn may be rendered worse than un-
meaning, is left to his discretion. Our ministers would think it
quite beneath them to pay the least attention to the adaptation
of a tune to the words; and their interference would be sorely
complained of by their coadjutor in the desk below. The
preacher and the singer are two independent and jealous autho-
rities, who share between them the conducting of the worship;
and hence, not unfrequently, the impression produced by the
one, is fairly counteracted or effaced by the feelings excited by
the other. These two parties walk together without being
agreed, and sadly does their inharmonious proceeding mar the
service.

What have Dissenters to do with clerks? They are not
wanted to perform the responses. There is no more Scripture
authority for clerks, than for surplices or organs. Necessary
they cannot be, except in a state of things which they have
been the means of producing, in which it would be thought an
act of condescension for a deacon or other pious member
of the church, to give out the hymn, or pitch the tune. For
our own part, we think that there is a gross impropriety in the

hymns being given out by any other than the minister; at least, when the service is opened with singing. There could be no objection to his reading the hymn from the pulpit; and then, if it be requisite to give out the lines, he might devolve that office on his deacon. The only inconvenience would be, that he must then look out his chapters, and arrange his notes, before the commencement of the service, instead of during the singing; a necessity which we should by no means regret. But we must contend that the music also is the business of the minister: he is responsible for every part of the service, and for the manner of conducting it. The reader or choir-leader is his deputy, and ought to be of his own election. If he has not himself a knowledge of music, he wants just that one qualification for his station in the church of God, because he is not competent to preside over the whole service. But, in that case, he ought to see to it, that the congregation do not suffer through his defect. Music is, however, a relaxation so beneficial to studious men, that the time required for attaining a competent knowledge of the science, would not be unprofitably employed by the young academic. It would at all events be well, that an organ should be placed in the halls of all our colleges. A taste, or at least a habit of feeling, would by this means be insensibly acquired by our young ministers, which would prevent their tamely being parties to the violation of all musical and all devotional propriety in the performance of the singing. But where there is an organ, it ought to be made a point of conscience, in no case to employ as organist, an individual not of a decidedly religious character. If "holiness unto the Lord," is to be "upon the bells of the horses," much more ought it to be upon "the bowls before the altar." Why should it be regarded as less than an honour, to be entrusted with the management of any part of the worship of God? Surely, among the members of the church, some person might be found, sufficiently accomplished to give proper effect to our old church harmonies, and glad to embrace such an opportunity of redeeming the time and expense squandered on an otherwise worthless accomplishment, by consecrating the talent to the service of God. Music was not meant only for the drawing-room or the concert-room: its proper sphere is the home circle or the house of prayer. Worthless for the purpose of display, and often wearisome as a mere amusement, its true use and power are known only to those who have found it the solace of their lonely hours, and have experienced its heart-felt charm when made a strictly domestic gratification, or employed in family devotion. The English misuse music as they do wine: as a cordial it is inestimable, but its effect is changed,

when consumed in large quantities as a luxury. We flatter ourselves, that we are a musical nation, because piano-fortes are now to be found in every house. It is a great mistake. The finest music in existence is suffered to lie neglected in cathedral or private libraries, and would not sell sufficiently to pay the expense of its publication, while nothing can be viler than the trash which is forced into circulation by music and singing masters. Our oratorios are annually performed—we are no advocates for sacred theatricals—but even these will not go down with the public, without the stimulus of a heterogeneous grand selection, a bravura or two, and some musical slight of hand tricks or feats of dexterity on the violoncello or flute. It is to hear Mr. Braham sing, or Mons. Drouet perform, not to hear Handel, that nine-tenths of the audience pay their money. Our fashionable subscription concerts are kept up by similar means, and the selections are confessedly adapted, not to the taste of the lovers of music, but to the wayward demand of the fashionable public. To come lower, much lower down, there is a section of the London religious world who attend Sunday evening lectures, to whom the singing is the chief attraction. But the singing of what? Of Croft or Purcell, of Handel or Mozart? No, it matters not what composer; it is the singer,—some pragmatical, affected professor of psalmody. So low is musical taste at the present moment, alike in high life and in middle life, in the fashionable and in the *professing* world!

But our present concern is with sacred music alone, which we feel no ordinary anxiety to rescue from its present state of deterioration and neglect. Some recent attempts have been made to improve our psalmody, which are of a description adapted to throw us still further back from genuine church music. The trash contained in Walker's Appendix to Rippon's tunes, is below contempt, and by far the greater part of the original selection is quite unfit for any devotional purpose. But Mr. Gardiner's volumes have high pretensions. His first volume is, upon the whole, an admirable selection, in point of musical science, though not always happy in adaptation; but in the second, he has gone beyond the utmost bounds of propriety or correct feeling in the attempt to apply secular music to sacred purposes. There can be no necessity for this mischievous practice. There is an ample sufficiency of sacred music, without torturing minuets and arias into hymn tunes. One ingenious gentleman has found words for the Dead March in Saul, in Hymn lxiii. of Dr. Watts's second book. This is not quite so bad as the mis-accommodation of Mozart's exquisite duet in *La Clemenza di Tito*, *Ah perdona*, to sacred words,—a composition characteristically amatory, tender and elegant

in the highest degree, but utterly removed from devotional expression. In these cases, it is not the fitness of the air, but its mere popularity, which leads to the injudicious attempt to press it into the service of devotion; but these divorced melodies will never match well with the new sentiments. Religion and good taste alike reprove such alliances. It was a bad example which Dr. Arne set the musical world, in the oratorio of Redemption, which consists of a selection from Handel's Italian operas, set to sacred words. Although the most tasteful and successful effort of the kind, the airs are by no means suited, in many instances, to their second partners. Any person of taste, familiar with "Verdi prati," "Non vi piacque," and several others that might be mentioned, will not easily be reconciled to their English dress. An instance occurs to us at this moment, in which the beauty of the original is palpably sacrificed. The touching cadence at the word *madre* in "Rendi il sereno," falls, in "Lord, remember David," on the words 'Teach him,' than which nothing can be more unmeaning. Handel would not have done this. To find words for music, instead of musical expression for words, is quite reversing the order of things: it shews that the true end of music is but little attended to. An air adapted to any words, must be destitute of character or force of expression, and cannot be fit for devotional use. But there is no paucity of genuine church music. The works of foreign composers, to say nothing of native masters of the old school, contain an almost inexhaustible fund, hitherto but little drawn upon. The works even of the incomparable Mozart are very partially known in this country. Those of Sebastian and Emanuel Bach, of Michael Haydn, and other eminent composers of church-music, specimens of which Mr. Latrobe has brought forward, are still less known. The compositions of Mr. Latrobe himself are of a very high order, marked perhaps by science more than by originality of conception, but always full of character. In the selection published by Seeley*, (we believe under his auspices,) which is unquestionably the best collection of Psalmody extant, there are several compositions of extraordinary beauty and merit; in particular, those of Knecht, the Rev. S. Fripp, and Miss Bean. A very admirable air is to be found in Cahusac's collection, called St. John's, composed by the late Rev. Richard Cecil; and one in the same volume, called New Sarum, by the Editor, is distinguished by its singular elegance. Such individual contributions are the more valuable as springing ordinarily from

* "Devotional Harmony." 2 vols. long 4to.

genuine feeling, or being struck off in a happy mood. We do not want for good music; the deficiency is in the demand for it.

But how, it may be said, is the evil to be remedied? How are our congregations to acquire taste and musical feeling? Is every tradesman to turn fidler, every mechanic to learn thorough base? We anticipate a hundred similar idle questions, arising from a mistaken view of the subject, or a perverse misconception of our sentiments. It is not necessary for every individual in our congregations to understand music; but all are more or less sensibly acted upon by it, or by that which is substituted for it, so as to have their feelings disturbed, their devotion interrupted by what is uncongenial and foreign from the character of worship; or else so as to have a boisterous levity of feeling excited by the noisy caroling in which they join. It is not for the gratification of the musical, that we chiefly desire a reform in our congregational worship, but for the bringing of a better influence to bear on the minds of even the most tasteless and unmusical. Children and savages are susceptible of the effect of genuine music, although they have no knowledge of it; nor is it necessary to be possessed of musical taste, in order to be quite differently affected by different styles of composition. It is doubtless owing to a want of taste that such vulgar airs as many of the modern popular psalm tunes, are preferred to Abridge, or St. Ann's, or Charmouth, or Islington. But this want of taste is connected with a want of devotional feeling, a moral distaste for the solemnity appropriate to religious services; and on this account do we consider it as highly inexpedient to give way to this irreligious taste. The objection to the gravity of the old tunes, is as heartless as it is tasteless. But it were a mistake to imagine, that the majority in our congregations give into this rage for noise and novelty: it is the doing of the clerk and his confederates. Nothing is more striking than the sort of general earnest feeling with which a whole congregation will take part in the Old Hundred or some such noble harmony, after the meagre and partial performance of some ridiculous novelty. It is not to be denied, however, that the rich harmonies of the old masters require instrumental aid, to develop their full meaning and grandeur, unless uncommonly well supported in all their parts, by practised voices; and it forms, in our opinion, one recommendation of instruments, that they leave less to be done by the singer, affording less room for display, and leaving the mind more at leisure to attend to the sentiment, and to *feel* it. To think or feel during the singing of many modern psalm-tunes, is quite out of the question: the singer is too busy and too elated to care much about the words. And this forms the best excuse, bad

as it is, for the apparent complacency with which some hymns are sung, which never ought to have found a place in our hymn books. If a congregation really did think of what they were singing, it is impossible that they could express horrible joy that

‘ Broad is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there—’

Or that

—‘ Vengeance and damnation lies
On those who dare refuse his grace.’

What must an infidel or gainsayer think, on hearing such hymns noisily performed to some brisk melody? There is a tune called *Job*, which is not destitute of solemnity, and would be one of the best of modern favorites, did it not require the first half of the line to be repeated, which is often inconvenient, and generally unmeaning. We have heard this tune sung to Hymn 100, Book ii. of Dr. Watts, in the last verse of which, the *repeat* has a most dreadful and disgusting effect; not worse, however, than in the first verse of Hymn 128 of Book i. Yet are such words coolly and complacently sung, to the disgrace of minister and people. The 92nd psalm of Dr. Watts is not unfrequently sung to Derby tune, in which there is an awkward fugue, which divides the last lines at the fifth syllable. We have again and again noticed with what peculiar spirit the clerk reiterates,

‘ Blast them in ever——’

Instances of this description might easily be multiplied; some of an irresistibly ludicrous kind. Bath Chapel tune, for example, sung to Hymn 20, Book i. gives, in the second verse, the following repeat,

‘ Upon a poor *pol*’——

The absurd introduction of fugues has in like manner converted many of our hymns into catches, and it is difficult to acquit the composer in all cases of a facetious design. Catches and glees are, indeed, apparently the model for modern psalmody, and many tunes are literally taken from them. We like a good glee, we confess, and are admirers of Callcott, and Webbe, and Lord Mornington; but we have no wish to hear ‘The Red-Cross Knights,’ or ‘Here in cool Grot,’ performed to sacred words, though we think they would go down with some congregations.

The subject has led us further than we intended, but we must now draw in. We cannot, however, close this article

without noticing a praiseworthy attempt, made two or three years ago, to 'reform the practice of singing in the worship of God,' by the Author of a small volume, the title of which we give below*. Although written in a spirit rather too dogmatical, and we do not on every point agree with him, it contains many useful observations, and the Author deserves well of the religious public. In closing these desultory remarks, we would wish to lead our readers back to the point on which they have hinged—that Music is the gift of God; that its true character is not that of an amusement, but of a medium of expression, a symbolical language; that its noblest purpose is, the excitement and expression of devotional feeling, and that its adaptation to this end gives it a claim to be studied and cultivated as a science and as a language; that it has a religious value, and ought, therefore, to rank among things ecclesiastical. Possibly, we may have touched some discords: our conclusion shall, to all musical ears, resolve them.

'Touching musical harmony,' says old Hooker, 'whether by instrument or by voice, it being but of high and low in sounds a due proportionable disposition, such notwithstanding is the force thereof, and so pleasing effects it hath in that very part of man which is most divine, that some have been thereby induced to think that the soul itself by nature is, or hath in it harmony. A thing which delighteth all ages, and becometh all states; a thing as seasonable in grief as in joy; as decent being added unto actions of greatest weight and solemnity, as being used when men most sequester themselves from action. The reason hereof is an admirable facility which music hath to express and represent to the mind more inwardly than any other sensible mean, the very standing, rising, and falling, the very steps and inflections every way, the turns and varieties of all passions, whereunto the mind is subject; yea, so to imitate them, that whether it resemble unto us the same state wherein our minds already are, or a clean contrary, we are not more contentedly by the one confirmed, than changed and led away by the other. In harmony, the very image and character, even of virtue and vice, is perceived, the mind delighted with their resemblances, and brought, by having them often iterated, into a love of the things themselves. For which cause there is nothing more contagious and pestilent than some kinds of

* "A View of Modern Psalmody, being an Attempt," &c. By William Cole. 12mo. Price 3s. 6d. 1819.

' harmony; than some, nothing more strong and potent unto
 ' good. And that there is such a difference of one kind from
 ' another, we need no proof but our own experience, in as much
 ' as we are at the hearing of some more inclined unto sorrow and
 ' heaviness, of some more mollified and softened in mind; one
 ' kind apter to stay and settle us, another to move and stir our
 ' affections. There is that draweth to a marvellous grave and
 ' sober mediocrity; there is also that carrieth as it were into
 ' ecstasies, filling the mind with a heavenly joy, and for the
 ' time in a manner severing it from the body; so that al-
 ' though we lay altogether aside the consideration of ditty or
 ' matter, the very harmony of sounds being framed in due sort,
 ' and carried from the ear to the spiritual faculties of our souls,
 ' is by a native puissance and efficacy greatly available to bring
 ' to a perfect temper whatsoever is there troubled, apt as well
 ' to quicken the spirits as to allay that which is too eager,
 ' sovereign against melancholy and despair, forcible to draw
 ' forth tears of devotion, if the mind be such as can yield them,
 ' able both to move and moderate all affections.....

' They which, under pretence of the Law Ceremonial abro-
 ' gated, require the abrogation of Instrumental music, approving
 ' nevertheless the use of Vocal melody to remain, must hew
 ' some reason wherefore the one should be thought a legal cere-
 ' mony, and not the other. In Church Music, curiosity and
 ' ostentation of art, wanton, or light, or unsuitable harmony,
 ' such as only pleaseth the ear, and doth not naturally serve to
 ' the very kind and degree of those impressions which the
 ' matter that goeth with it, leaveth, or is apt to leave, in men's
 ' minds, doth rather blemish and disgrace that we do, than add
 ' either beauty or furtherance unto it. On the other side, these
 ' faults prevented, the force and the efficacy of the thing itself,
 ' when it drowneth not utterly, but fitly suiteth with matter,
 ' altogether sounding to the praise of God, is in truth most
 ' admirable, and doth much edify, if not the understanding,
 ' because it teacheth not, yet surely the affection, because
 ' therein it worketh much. They must have hearts very dry
 ' and tough, from whom the melody of the psalms doth not
 ' sometime draw that wherein a mind religiously affected de-
 ' lighteth.*

* Eccl. Pol. B. v. § 38.

Art. III. 1. *The Manuscript of 1814. A History of Events which led to the Abdication of Napoleon.* Written, at the Command of the Emperor, by Baron Fain, Secretary of the Cabinet at that Epoch. 8vo. pp. 412. London. 1823.

2. *Memoirs of the History of France during the Reign of Napoleon.* Dictated by the Emperor at St. Helena to General Gourgaud. Vol. II. 8vo. pp. 395. London. 1823.

3. *Memoirs of the History of France during the Reign of Napoleon.* Dictated by the Emperor at St. Helena to the Count de Montholon. Historical Miscellanies. Vol. II. 8vo. pp. 471. London. 1823.

4. *Memorial de Sainte Hélène.* Journal of the private Life and Conversations of the Emperor Napoleon at Saint Helena. By the Count de Las Cases. Vol. III. Parts 5 and 6. 8vo. pp. 703. London. 1823.

THESE volumes, like the former publications of the same authors, contain a considerable mass of interesting matter, but they are extremely deficient in originality, the quality which might have been expected to be their peculiar distinction.

We are unwilling to engage in an unprofitable investigation of doubts respecting the genuineness or the authenticity of the "Memoirs," since it must rest upon a series of probabilities, and comparisons of style, opinions, and dates, which, independently of their uncertainty, would afford small gratification to either ourselves or our readers. A much more important inquiry suggests itself in the question, how far they may be available as materials for history; and there can be little difficulty in answering this. The chief value (and we are by no means inclined to under-rate it) of these memoranda, consists in the clear, compressed, and striking summaries, descriptions, reasonings, criticisms, and estimates, which they contain, and which appear to us strongly marked with the well known peculiarities of Napoleon's style; though we cannot avoid an occasional suspicion, that certain portions have been either interpolated or accommodated. Be this as it may, the work, were it less desultory in its construction, would be invaluable as, in many instances, a key, in all an index, to the most remarkable series of transactions, recorded in the story of the world. The moral qualities of these miscellanies are more questionable. They are disfigured by the most obvious partiality. The chain of events is correctly laid out, and the leading features accurately and boldly sketched; but the details and colouring are inserted with a view to specific effect, and to a favourable or disadvantageous impression, suited to

the narrator's prejudices, interests, or love of fame. If there were no other ground for suspicion, it would be quite sufficient to justify our want of confidence, that Napoleon scarcely ever admits himself to have been in error. He may have failed from misinformation, from the necessity of acting on imperfect intelligence or with inadequate means; his generals and ministers may have been inert or unskilful, his enemies may have been victorious by treachery or overwhelming numbers; but all this not only never includes the admission of fallibility in his personal resources, but is palpably brought forward to enhance his fame, and to hold him up to general admiration, as a worker of political and military miracles. A low and despicable jealousy displays itself on all occasions. His favourite generals are praised only as admirable instruments, justifying the skill displayed in their selection, and are severely criticised when their want of success may be considered as resulting from the defectiveness or the impracticability of their Master's plans. His statements of numbers are, we imagine, utterly worthless, and garbled with the utmost inconsistency to suit his purposes. When the energy of his government is the subject, its effects are exhibited in the immense numbers of men raised, the completeness of their discipline and equipment, and the successful activity of every department of administration. When other generals, especially if they were his personal enemies, are in command, their means are described as ample, their movements unskilful, their successes doubtful, and their failures inexcusable. But when he takes the field, it is with inferior numbers; his manœuvres are models of military combination, and his discomfitures the result either of circumstances impossible to provide against, or of deficiency on the part of his inferior agents. His jealousy of Moreau appears to have been excessive. The battle of Hohenlinden has been before referred to in language of depreciation; and in the volume of *Memoirs* before us, a detailed and malignant criticism proves, that the laurels of the victor had deprived Napoleon, if not of sleep, at least of candour. The army of Moreau is described as far superior to that of the Austrian Archduke John, both in numbers and in quality; the movements of the French commander, both before, during, and after the battle, are represented as hazardous and unscientific; the victory as merely 'a fortunate chance,' and an event which 'ought not to be ascribed to any manœuvre, combination, or military genius.'

Making, however, all due allowance for these and other defects, these volumes will furnish much valuable illustration of the views and acts of Napoleon; and they give in many instances a more distinct exhibition of the motives which decided

his conduct, and the plans by which his movements were directed, than we have elsewhere seen. They shew the determined and unhesitating character of the wonderful individual to whom they relate,—deciding while others were defining, and in vigorous action while his opponents were scarcely entering on preparation. They shew, too, the error of those who have been accustomed to think of him as nothing more than a rash, headlong, and fortunate soldier, rushing fiercely onward without making provision for disastrous contingencies. Even in his Russian campaign, the most daring in enterprise, and the most fatal in result, of all his undertakings, he was careful of his communications. In answer to a military critic who had reproached him with risking ‘an invasion in the Asiatic style,’ taking the distant line of the Vistula as the base of his operations, and neglecting the nearer and more important line of the Niemen, he replies :

‘The space of four hundred leagues between the Rhine and the Boristhenes, was occupied by friends and allies ; from the Rhine to the Elbe, by the Saxons ; thence to the Niemen by the Poles ; thence to the Boristhenes by the Lithuanians. The army had four lines of fortresses ; those of the Rhine, the Elbe, the Vistula, and the Niemen ; on the latter were Pillaw, Wilna, Grodno, and Minsk ; as long as it had not passed the Boristhenes at Smolensko, it was a friendly country. From Smolensko to Moscow there were a hundred leagues of hostile country ; that is to say, Muscovy. Smolensko was taken and armed, and became the pivot of the march on Moscow. Hospitals for 3000 men were established there, with magazines of military stores, which contained more than 250,000 cartridges for cannon, and considerable supplies of clothing and provisions. Between the Vistula and the Boristhenes 240,000 men were left ; 160,000 only passed the bridge of Smolensko, to march on Moscow. Of these, 40,000 remained to guard the magazines, hospitals, and depôts of Dorogholowy, Viazma, Ghjot, and Mozajsk ; 100,000 entered Moscow ; and 20,000 had been killed in the march, and in the great battle of the Moskowa, in which 50,000 Russians perished.’

* * * * *

‘The march from Smolensko to Moscow was founded on the idea, that, in order to save that capital, the enemy would fight a battle ; that he would be defeated ; that Moscow would be taken ; that Alexander, to preserve or deliver his capital, would make peace ; or that, if he should refuse to make it, the immense stores of that great city, and the 40,000 free and wealthy burghers, sons of freedmen or traders, who inhabited it, would furnish the means of forming a national *noyau* for raising an insurrection of all the slaves in Russia, and striking a fatal blow at that empire. The idea of burning a city almost as extensive as Paris, containing 300,000 souls, was not regarded as a possibility.’ *Historical Miscellanies.* pp. 95, 96. 99, 100.

There is, probably, something of exaggeration in this favourable estimate of his resources; and he was blameable in leaving behind him so large a portion of auxiliary troops, who certainly did not exhibit much zeal or talent in co-operating with his movements. Schwartzburg, in particular, behaved with suspicious fidelity, or with egregious imbecility; and, with the exception of the French generals opposed to Wittgenstein and Tchitchagoff, and of the Polish general Dombrowski, none of the commanders of the Reserves seem to have conducted themselves with energy or ability. Enough, however, will remain, after every deduction, to prove that Napoleon did not neglect his rear, and that he did not hurry forward in that senseless and uncalculating manner with which he has been reproached. There is an error in the statement, that Admiral Tchitchagoff's plan was 'not to take possession of the Beresina, but to proceed to the Dwina to cover St. Petersburg.' That officer was directed to effect a junction with Wittgenstein, who was coming down *from* the Dwina to cut off the retreat of the French, and whose division it was, that inflicted such severe loss on the latter at the passage of the Beresina. We shall add a short extract in continuation of this subject, for the purpose of shewing the nature of the resources which, in the campaign of Dresden and Leipsic, he had provided in anticipation of possible failure.

'During the campaign of 1813, 1st, our first line of places and magazines comprised Kœnigstein, Dresden, Torgau, Wittemberg, Magdeburg, and Hamburg; our second line Minden, Leipsic, Merseburg, Erfurth, and Wurtzburg; 2ndly, our *têtes-de-pont* on the Saale were Merseburg, Weissenfels, and Naumberg; 3rdly, the Duke of Castiglione commanded an army of reserve on the right of the Saale; and there was a division of reserve at Leipsic. The position of the army was deteriorated by the accident of the bridge at Leipsic, but on arriving at Erfurth, the troops would have found considerable magazines of every kind: there they were to halt, and supply their waggons; and, after two days rest, they were to manœuvre against the dispersed forces of the allies. The arrival of Marshal Wrede's Austro-Bavarian army on the Maine, by forced marches, obliged them to march immediately on Hanau, to re-establish communications with Mentz.

'The disasters of the Russian campaign arose from the premature change of the season. Those of the campaign of Saxony were the result of political events.—Perhaps it will be said, that these political events ought to have been foreseen: be it so, but after all, the result of this campaign would have been totally different, had it not been for the defection of the Saxon and Bavarian troops, and the alterations which took place in the policy of several Cabinets.'

Historical Miscellanies. pp. 113, 14.

There is a curious calculation in this part of the work, to prove that, 'of all the powers in Europe, France is that which has suffered the least losses since 1800.' This assertion is mainly founded on the fact, that a large portion of the French armies was composed of auxiliaries. It is affirmed, we are afraid without a very strict regard to accuracy, that 'the campaign of 1812 in Russia, did not cost the present kingdom of France 50,000 men.' The English are charged with a lavish expenditure of the lives of their soldiery, exposing them in dangerous expeditions, 'in assaults contrary to all the rules of the art, and in most unhealthy colonies.'

The first article in the "Historical Miscellanies" consists of a continuation of the 'notes' on a work entitled "Considerations on the Art of War," printed at Paris, in 1816. It is exceedingly instructive as containing the lessons of a master in the miserable art of wrecking human happiness and destroying human life, on a large scale. It commences with a brief but learned and interesting essay on offensive war, including a rapid but spirited summary of the campaigns and military character of Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, Gustavus Adolphus, Turenne, Eugene of Savoy, Frederick of Prussia, and Napoleon himself.

'Alexander conducted eight campaigns, during which he conquered Asia and part of India; Hannibal, seventeen—one in Spain, fifteen in Italy, and one in Africa; Cæsar, thirteen—eight against the Gauls, and five against Pompey's legions; Gustavus Adolphus, three—one in Livonia against the Russians, and two in Germany against the House of Austria. Turenne commanded in eighteen—nine in France, and nine in Germany; Prince Eugene of Savoy in thirteen—two against the Turks, five in Italy against France, and six on the Rhine, or in Flanders. Frederick conducted eleven, in Silesia, in Bohemia, and on the banks of the Elbe. The history of these eighty-eight campaigns, carefully written, would be a complete treatise on the art of war: the principles which ought to be followed in offensive and defensive war would flow from it spontaneously.'

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'Napoleon made fourteen campaigns; two in Italy, five in Germany, two in Africa and Asia, two in Poland and Russia, one in Spain, and two in France.'

* * * * *

'Cæsar's principles were the same as those of Alexander and Hannibal; to keep his forces in junction, not to be vulnerable in any direction, to advance rapidly on important points, to calculate on moral means, the reputation of his arms, and the fear he inspired, and also on political means, for the preservation of the fidelity of his allies, and the obedience of the conquered nations.'

Historical Miscellanies. pp. 11, 12. 26. 33.

Julius Cæsar appears to have combined, in an eminent degree, the great qualities both of Alexander and of Hannibal, together with an energy peculiarly his own. He was opposed to enemies far more formidable than any whom the first had to encounter, and while he possessed in perfection, the brilliant tactic of the Carthaginian, he far surpassed him in daring enterprise, rapid movement, and personal exertion. It was said of this accomplished Roman, that it was his fortune *plurima et maxima bella sola celeritate conficere*. And Cicero speaks in the most expressive terms of his indefatigable vigilance and celerity. *Hoc τῆρας horrible vigilantia, celeritate, diligentia est*. In all these points, there was a remarkable coincidence between the characters of Napoleon and Cæsar; and the former seems to have modelled himself more completely upon the latter, than on any other general of ancient or modern story.

‘ In Cæsar’s campaigns of the civil war, he conquered by following the same method and the same principles, but he ran much greater risks. He passed the Rubicon with a single legion: at Corfinium, he took thirty cohorts, and in three months drove Pompey out of Italy. What rapidity! what promptitude! what boldness! Whilst the ships necessary for passing the Adriatic and following his rival into Greece were preparing, he passed the Alps and Pyrenees, crossed Catalonia at the head of nine hundred horse, a force scarcely sufficient for his escort, arrived before Leridæ, and, in forty days, subdued Pompey’s legions commanded by Afranius. He then rapidly traversed the space between the Ebro and the Sierra Morena, established peace in Andalusia, and returned to make his triumphal entry into Marseilles, which city his troops had just taken; he then proceeded to Rome, exercised the dictatorship there for ten days, and departed once more to put himself at the head of twelve legions which Antony had assembled at Brindisi.

‘ In the year 48, he crossed the Adriatic with 25,000 men, held all Pompey’s forces in check for several months, until being joined by Antony, who had crossed the sea in defiance of the fleets of the enemy, they marched in junction on Dyrrachium, Pompey’s place of depôt, which they invested. Pompey encamped a few miles from that place, near the sea. Upon this, Cæsar, not content with having invested Dyrrachium, invested the enemy’s camp also: he availed himself of the summits of the surrounding hills, occupied them with twenty-four forts which he raised, and thus established a counter-valuation of six leagues. Pompey, hemmed in on the shore, received provisions and reinforcements by sea, by means of his fleet, which commanded the Adriatic. He took advantage of his central position, attacked and defeated Cæsar, who lost thirty standards, and several thousand soldiers, the best of his veteran troops. His fortunes appeared to totter; he could expect no reinforcements; the sea was closed against him; Pompey had every advantage. But Cæsar made

a march of fifty leagues, carried the war into Thessaly, and defeated Pompey's army in the plains of Pharsalia.'

Historical Miscellanies, pp. 22—24.

Napoleon makes an ingenious defence against the imputation of rashness. Reviewing the admirable marches and manœuvres of Alexander and Hannibal, and assigning to them their just praise, he asks, whether the high merits of these great commanders would have been justly invalidated, if the Macedonian had been beaten at Issus, with the army of Darius on his line of retreat; or at Arbela, with the Tigris, the Euphrates, and the Deserts in his rear; 'or suppose he had been vanquished by Porus, when driven to the Indus!' He inquires too, what would have been the result, had Hannibal lost the battles of Thrasymane or Cannæ. He shews that some of the most fatal defeats have taken place, like that of Zama, amid the fortresses and resources of the routed army.

The second division of the "Miscellanies" contains comments on the well known "Manuscript from St. Helena," which clearly shew, not only that the Author was not Napoleon, but that he was very imperfectly acquainted with the circumstances of his life. The third article relates to the work of Baron Fleury de Chaboulon, and confirms the suspicions which we expressed when reviewing it, of the accuracy of many of its details. A large Appendix (130 pages) of documents, the whole, or the far greater part of which have been long before the public, is added to the volume, for no other purpose, that we can discover, than that of swelling its bulk.

The volume of "Memoirs" dictated to General Gourgaud, contains illustrations to which we have already referred, of the campaigns of Moreau and Brune; an historical essay on the rights of neutral powers; and details and comments connected with the naval engagement of Aboukir. In the latter, as in all former instances, when the circumstances have been mentioned by Napoleon, we have it distinctly affirmed, that the French admiral had received express orders to enter the harbour of Alexandria, and that such entrance was practicable. Enough, however, appears, on the face of the statement, to shew, that there were considerable difficulties in the way; and we are most inclined to believe, that Nelson was too prompt in his motions, to allow sufficient time for their removal. The most interesting part of this document relates to the difference between the land and the naval service. The *maximum* of a fleet is taken at thirty sail of the line, and the expense of the *materiel* is stated as nearly equivalent to that of an army of 120,000 men. The hazards and privations of the sea service

are affirmed to be much inferior to those of a land campaign, inasmuch as the sailor has less fighting than the soldier, and is never separated from his quarters, his magazines, and his hospitals. The qualifications of the respective commanders are essentially different, in the opinion of Napoleon: those 'adapted to the command of a land army are born with us, whilst those which are necessary for commanding a naval army, can only be acquired by experience.'

'Alexander and Condé were able to command at a very early age. The art of war by land is an art of genius and inspiration; but neither Alexander nor Condé, at the age of twenty-two years, could have commanded a naval army. In the latter, nothing is genius or inspiration, but all is positive and matter of experience. The marine general needs but one science, that of navigation. The commander by land requires many, or a talent equivalent to all, that of profiting by experience and knowledge of every kind. A marine general has nothing to guess; he knows where his enemy is, and knows his strength. A land general never knows any thing with certainty, never sees his enemy plainly, nor knows positively where he is. When the armies are facing each other, the slightest accident of the ground, the least wood, may hide a party of the hostile army. The most experienced eye cannot be certain whether it sees the whole of the enemy's army, or only three fourths of it. It is by the eyes of the mind, by the combination of all reasoning, by a sort of inspiration, that the land general sees, commands, and judges. The marine general requires nothing but an experienced eye; nothing relating to the enemy's strength is concealed from him. What creates great difficulty in the profession of the land commander is, the necessity of feeding so many men and animals: if he allows himself to be guided by the commissaries, he will never stir, and his expeditions will fail. The naval commander is never confined; he carries every thing with him. A naval commander has no reconnoitring to perform, no ground to examine, no field of battle to study; Indian ocean, Atlantic, or Channel, still it is a liquid plain. The most skilful can have no other advantage over the least experienced, than what arises from his knowledge of the winds which prevail in particular seas, from his foresight of those which will prevail there, or from his acquaintance with the signs of the atmosphere: qualities which are acquired by experience, and experience only. The general commanding by land never knows the field of battle on which he is to operate. His *coup-d'œil* is one of inspiration, he has no positive data. The data from which a knowledge of the localities must be gained, are so contingent, that scarcely any thing can be learnt from experience. It is a facility of instantly seizing all the relations of different grounds, according to the nature of the country; in short, it is a gift called *coup-d'œil militaire*, which great generals have received from nature. Nevertheless, the observations which may be made on topographical maps, and the facilities arising from educa-

tion and the habit of reading such maps, may afford some assistance.'
Memoirs. pp. 194—96.

A military chief has one immense advantage over a naval commander; he is less dependent on his subordinate officers. If any thing is misconducted in an engagement, he can rectify by his immediate presence, the errors of his generals; while the communication between an admiral and his captains being conducted by signal, the smoke, and the confusion of the *mêlée*, prevent him both from conveying and receiving intelligence. In the comparison between the maritime service of France and England, Napoleon claims for the former, superiority in the construction of vessels, and the power of their battery, while he concedes to the English a greater perfection in discipline. He condemns, however, the severity with which the latter is enforced, terming the *regime* of the British navy, slavery. It is amusing to find him intimating, that 'such a state of things would degrade and debase the French character, which requires a paternal kind of discipline, more founded on honour and sentiment.' He attributes the defeats sustained by the French navy, to three causes.

'1st, To irresolution and want of energy in the commanders in chief; 2ndly, to errors in tactics; 3dly, to want of experience, and nautical knowledge in the captains of ships, and to the opinion these officers maintain, that they ought only to act according to signals. The action off Ushant, those during the Revolution in the Ocean, and those in the Mediterranean in 1793 and 1794, were all lost through these different causes. Admiral Villaret, though personally brave, was wanting in strength of mind, and was not even attached to the cause for which he fought. Martin was a good seaman, but a man of little resolution. They were, moreover, both influenced by the Representatives of the people, who possessing no experience, sanctioned erroneous operations.

'The principle of making no movement, except according to signal from the admiral, is the more erroneous, because it is always in the power of the captain of a ship to find reasons in justification of his failure to execute the signals made to him. In all the sciences necessary to war, theory is useful for giving general ideas which form the mind; but their strict execution is always dangerous; they are only axes by which curves are to be traced. Besides, rules themselves compel one to reason, in order to discover whether they ought to be departed from.

'Although often superior in force to the English, we never knew how to attack them, and we allowed their squadrons to escape whilst we were wasting time in useless manœuvres. The first law of maritime tactics ought to be, that as soon as the admiral has made the signal that he means to attack, every captain should make the necessary movements for attacking one of the enemy's ships, taking part in the action,

and supporting his neighbours. This was latterly the principle of English tactics. Had it been adopted in France, Admiral Villeneuve would not have thought himself blameless at Aboukir, for remaining inactive with five or six ships, that is to say with half the squadron, for twenty-four hours, whilst the enemy was overpowering the other wing.'

Memoirs. pp. 197—99.

The history of the Egyptian and Syrian expeditions, contains very little that has not long been familiar to general readers. The article is swelled with geographical and statistical details, which we are disposed to think of European manufacture. It is not likely that Napoleon's memory would enable him to dictate them off hand; and it is still less probable that he would submit to the drudgery of compilation. An appendix of nearly forty pages, providently supplies the reader with the old official accounts which he will most probably have often met with in the newspapers or other publications in which they have repeatedly appeared. This memoir on Egypt offers but little that we feel any inclination to extract, with the exception of the following curious speculations on the circumstances which gave origin to the practice of polygamy. The reason of that custom, we are informed,

'is to be sought in the nature of the geographical circumstances of Africa and Asia. These countries were inhabited by men of several colours. Polygamy is the only means of preventing them from persecuting each other. Legislators have imagined, that, in order to prevent the whites from being enemies to the blacks, the blacks to the whites, and the copper-coloured to both, it was necessary to make them all members of one identical family, and thus to oppose that inclination inherent in man to hate whatever is not himself. Mahomet thought four wives sufficient for the accomplishment of this purpose, because every man could have a black one, a white one, a copper-coloured one, and one of some other colour. It was also, undoubtedly, agreeable to the nature of a sensual religion, to gratify the passions of its sectaries; in which respect policy and the prophet agreed.* Whenever it is wished to emancipate the blacks in our colonies, and to establish perfect equality there, the legislator must authorize polygamy, and allow every man to have one white, one black, and one Mulatto wife, at the same time. Thenceforth, the

* 'It is, perhaps, difficult to comprehend the possibility of having four wives in a country where there are no more men than women. The fact is, that eleven twelfths of the population have only one, because they can only support one, or obtain only one. But this confusion of races, colours, and nations, produced by polygamy, existing in the upper ranks of a nation, is sufficient to establish union and perfect equality throughout it.'

different colours, each forming part of the same family, will obtain equal consideration from others; without this, no satisfactory result will ever be obtained. The blacks will be more numerous or better informed, and then they will hold the whites in subjection; and vice versa.

'In consequence of this general principle of the equality of colours, established by polygamy, there was no difference between the individuals composing the household of the Mamelukes. A black slave, bought by a Bey from an African caravan, might become a kiaschef, and be equal to the handsome white Mameluke, born in Circassia; nor was it even suspected that this could be otherwise.'

Memoirs. pp. 266—268.

When General Menou married a native of Rosetta, the lady seems to have been so much gratified with the change from Eastern seclusion to European freedom, as to make it the subject of conversation among the females whom she met at the baths. She told them, that her husband handed her to the upper seat at table, picked up her handkerchief if it fell, and behaved to her after the usual manner of French politeness. This, as may be supposed, excited a prodigious commotion among the Arab and Turkish wives; they forthwith held a divan, and 'signed a request'—we are glad to find that the tenants of the Harem are so well educated—'to Sultan Kabir (Napoleon) that their husbands might be obliged to treat them in the same manner!' The French Commander-in-chief often invited the Scheiks to his table, and they readily accommodated themselves to European customs. At one of these parties, he asked Scheik El Mondî,—'What is the most useful thing I have taught you, in these six months that I have been among you?'—'The most useful thing you have taught me,' answered the Scheik, half jestingly, half in earnest, 'is to drink at my dinner.' It is said to be the custom of the Arabs, to drink only at the conclusion of their meals.

The volume which contains the contribution of Baron Fain to the memoirs of his fallen master, is, on the whole, an interesting one, though it does not add much to our previous stores of information. It contains a short but clear and impressive history of that astonishing campaign, when Napoleon, driven on his capital by the overwhelming masses of his enemies, made, with a mere handful of men, a series of almost unparalleled efforts to wrest victory from adverse fortune. He had lost Germany irretrievably, and the exhausted state of his troops and magazines did not permit him even to maintain the line of his own frontier; he determined, however, to shew at least the appearance of holding the banks of the Rhine until retreat became absolutely necessary. The negotiations that

were going forward, had no effect on the preparations for the approaching campaign. In December 1813, Prince Schwartzberg passed the Rhine, by crossing part of the Swiss territory, and, after detaching general Bubna towards Geneva, advanced on Besançon. Blucher crossed the Rhine in the direction of Mannheim, and drove the corps of the Duke of Ragusa before him. Napoleon had fixed on Chalons-sur-Marne as the rendezvous of his army, and he established his personal headquarters there on the 25th of January. On the 29th, after some severe fighting, he drove the Prussians from Brienne. During these manœuvres, he was in considerable danger.

‘While the position was thus disputed, the French army bivouacked in the plain between Brienne and the wood of Maizières. Our artillery filed off in the great avenue, to take the positions assigned to them; and Napoleon, having issued his last orders, returned by the same path to his head-quarters at Maizières. He was proceeding a few paces before his Aides-de-camp, listening to Colonel Gourgaud’s account of a manœuvre that had taken place: the officers of his household were following, wrapped up in their cloaks. It was very dark, and amidst the confusion of the night encampment, the parties could only recognize each other at intervals by the light of the bivouack fires. A band of Cossacks, attracted by the noise of our caissons and the hope of plunder, contrived amidst the darkness to pass the French camp, and at this moment reached the path on the plain. General Dejean, feeling himself closely pressed, turned about, and gave the alarm by exclaiming, *the Cossacks!* and at the same time attempted to plunge his sabre into the breast of one of the assailants, whom he thought he had secured. But the enemy had escaped, and now darted upon the horseman in the grey great-coat, who was somewhat in advance. Corbineau rushed forward; Gourgaud made the same movement, and with a pistol shot the Cossack dead at Napoleon’s feet. The escort advanced, and a few of the Cossacks were sabred; but the rest of the party leaped across the ditches, and effected their escape.’—*Fain*, pp. 78, 9.

This success did not prevent Blucher from effecting a junction with Schwartzberg; and on the 1st of February, they attacked the French, who were in position at la Rothiere, not far from Brienne. Their numbers secured success, and Napoleon retreated upon Troyes. After the battle, the Prussian and Austrian generals separated their forces; and the former, leaving Schwartzberg to follow up the victory by pressing on the French army, boldly advanced on Paris by the road of Chalons. This manœuvre suggested to Napoleon one of those bold enterprises by which he had so often decided the issue of a campaign. Calculating on the security of Blucher, and on the certainty of separating the divisions of his army, extended in a long column on the road between Chalons and the capital,

the Emperor, leaving Victor and Oudinot to protect the passage of the Seine, marched his troops across the extensive plains of the Brie-Champenoise, and brought them, in compact order, into the very centre of the Prussian brigades. The success of this manœuvre was complete : the successive battles of Champaubert, Montmirail, Chateau-Thierry, and Vauchamps, effectually cleared the road to Paris, and broke the force of the allies in this quarter. In the mean time, Schwartzenberg had profited by circumstances, had forced the passage of the Seine, and was marching on Paris by Nangis. In reply to the communication which apprised him of this movement, Napoleon ordered his marshals to make a vigorous stand, and informed them that on the following day, the 16th of February, he should *debouche* in their rear by Guignes. He performed his promise. Notwithstanding the difficulties which intervened, he effected the junction at a critical moment—an hour later it would, probably, have been impracticable—in the evening of that day ; on the 17th, he defeated the enemy at Nangis, and on the following day, drove the troops of Wurtemberg from Montereau.

Our troops took possession of the heights of Surville, which command the confluence of the Seine, and the Yonne batteries were mounted with the artillery of the guard, which dealt destruction on the Wurtemberg force in Montereau. Napoleon himself pointed the guns, and directed the firing. The enemy made vain endeavours to dismount our batteries ; his balls hissed like the wind over the heights of Surville. The troops were fearful lest Napoleon, attracted by the habits of his early life, should expose himself to danger. On this occasion he made the following remark, which is engraven on the recollection of the gunners of the French army :—"Come on, my brave fellows, fear nothing : the ball that is to kill me is not yet cast."

Our success at once supported the ardour of our troops, roused the enthusiasm of the country people, and excited to the utmost degree the devotedness of our young officers ; but it was remarked with regret, that returning hope had not yet enlivened the hearts of most of the old chiefs of the army. In proportion as circumstances proved favourable, they seemed to entertain the greater apprehension for the future. Their prudence seemed to have augmented with their fortune : the poorest, on the contrary, were the most confident. The difference of resolution with which each individual viewed impending events, presented the most painful contrast, and was a source of bitter vexation to Napoleon.

Unfortunately, the bravest men were those of whom the Emperor had most cause to complain. At the battle of Nangis, a movement of cavalry, which would have proved fatal to the Bavarians, failed, and the blame attached to General l'Heritier, a man distinguished for his intrepidity. On the preceding evening, the enemy had surprised some pieces of artillery at the bivouack, and they had been confided to the care of the brave General Guyot, Commander of the Chasseurs of the Guard.

At Surville, during the heat of the engagement, there was a want of ammunition on the batteries; and this negligence, which, by the rigid laws of the artillery, amounted to a crime, was attributable to General Digeon, one of our most distinguished artillery officers. The forest of Fontainebleau was abandoned to the Cossacks without resistance, and General Montbrun was accused of not having taken sufficient advantage of either his position or his adversaries. To sum up all, perhaps the battle of Montereau might have been unnecessary, and all the bloodshed it cost might have been saved, if on the preceding day our troops had come up with sufficient expedition to surprise the bridge; but fatigue prevented them from arriving in time, and the Duke of Belluno, formerly the indefatigable Marshal Victor, was so unfortunate as to be compelled to urge this excuse.

• Napoleon could no longer repress his dissatisfaction. Meeting General Guyot on the road, he reproached him in the presence of the troops, for having so ill-guarded his artillery. He was no less violent towards General Digeon, and he ordered that he should be tried by a council of war. He sent the Duke of Belluno permission to retire from the service, and gave the command of his corps to General Gerard, whose courage and activity had surmounted many difficulties during the campaign. In short, Napoleon acted with a degree of severity at which he was himself astonished, but which he conceived to be necessary in the imperious circumstances of the moment.

• General Sorbier, the Commander-in-chief of the Artillery, after allowing the first moment of anger to pass away, ventured to call to mind the many important services of General Digeon. Napoleon listened to these representations, and then tore the order which he had dictated for the general's trial by a council of war. The Duke of Belluno with deep mortification received the Emperor's permission to quit the army. He repaired to Surville, and with powerful emotion appealed against this decision. Napoleon gave free vent to his indignation, and overwhelmed the unfortunate Marshal with expressions of his displeasure. He reproached him for reluctance in the discharge of his duties, for withdrawing from the Imperial headquarters, and for even manifesting a certain degree of opposition, which was calculated to produce mischievous effects in a camp. The conduct of the Dutchess of Belluno was also the subject of complaint: she was Lady of the Palace, and yet had withdrawn herself from the Empress, who indeed seemed to be quite forsaken by the new court.

• The Duke in vain attempted to defend himself; Napoleon afforded him no opportunity of reply. At length, however, he gained a hearing. He made a protestation of his fidelity, and reminded Napoleon that he was one of his old comrades, and could not quit the army without dishonour. The recollections of Italy were not invoked in vain. The conversation took a milder turn; Napoleon now merely suggested to the Duke, that he stood in need of a little respite from the exertions of a military life; that his ill health and numerous wounds, now probably rendered him unable to encounter

the fatigues of the advanced guard and the privations of the bivouack, and too frequently induced his quartering officers to halt wherever a bed could be procured. But all Napoleon's endeavours to prevail on the Marshal to retire, were ineffectual. He insisted on remaining with the army, and he appeared to feel the Emperor's reproaches the more severely in proportion as they became the more gentle. He attempted to justify his tardy advance on the preceding day; but tears interrupted his utterance: if he had committed a military fault, he had dearly paid for it by the fatal wound which his unfortunate son-in-law had received.

'On hearing the name of General Chateau, Napoleon was deeply affected: he inquired whether there was any hope of saving his life, and sympathized sincerely in the grief of the Marshal. The Duke of Belluno resuming confidence, again protested that he would never quit the army: "I can shoulder a musket," said he; "I have not forgotten the business of a soldier. Victor will range himself in the ranks of the guard." These last words completely subdued Napoleon. "Well, Victor," said he, stretching forth his hand to him, "remain with me. I cannot restore to you the command of your corps, because I have appointed General Gerard to succeed you, but I give you the command of two divisions of the guard; and now let every thing be forgotten between us." ' *Fain. pp. 113—119.*

During these transactions, the celebrated congress of Chatillon had been engaged in negotiations for a general peace; and it is curious to observe the variations in the tone of the different parties as the fortunes of the war fluctuated. We have neither leisure nor inclination to enter into the analysis of the complicated political transactions of this period; but it appears quite obvious, that it was the interest of Napoleon to make peace at any expense. His means were lessening and deteriorating every day. Treason, if not yet in his camp, was busy in his capital; and a large portion of the French nation, though little desirous of seeing the Bourbons on the throne, were completely wearied out with the incessant wars in which they had been engaged. The generals and the ministers of the Emperor were urgent for concession; and the Duke of Vicenza (Caulaincourt) his envoy to the congress, used every effort within his power to prevail over the obstinacy of his master. All was in vain. Napoleon was elated in success, and obstinate in misfortune; he wavered in decision, until the only option left him was between death and unqualified submission. At the same time, it must be admitted, that he had reasonable ground for hesitation to a certain extent. He was aware that a royalist conspiracy was organized in France; and the presence of the Bourbon princes on the frontiers of their ancient kingdom, if not positively sanctioned, was at least not forbidden by the allies. It was moreover doubtful, even in the

event of peace, how far he might be able, under the altered circumstances of his reign, to maintain his authority in France.

In the meantime, Marshal Blucher, who, however inferior to Napoleon in the other qualifications of a general, seems to have equalled him in the boldness and energy of his movements, rallied his beaten and dispersed troops, and calling fresh divisions to his assistance, endeavoured to form a junction with Schwartzberg. Baffled in that attempt, he determined on one of the most daring enterprises of the campaign, and again advanced for Paris along the banks of the Marne. Napoleon was, of course, compelled to suspend operations against the Austrians, and to traverse the country in quest of his intrepid antagonist. On the night of the 27th of February, the army

‘ bivouacked on the confines of the departments of the Aube and Marne, not far from La Fere Champenoise. Napoleon passed the night in the house of the curate of the little village of Herbisse. Let us stop, therefore, a moment with the Imperial head-quarters. After the fatigues of the day, French gaiety still shed occasional light on the gloom of the moment; this evening party at Herbisse is perhaps the last of the kind which I shall have occasion to notice.

‘ The parsonage consisted of a single apartment and a bakehouse. Napoleon shut himself up in the apartment, and shortened the night by his accustomed labours. The bake-house was instantly filled with the Marshals, the generals that were Aides-de-camp, the orderly officers, and the other officers of the household. The curate was desirous of doing the honours of his establishment, and in the midst of so many embarrassments, he had the misfortune to engage in a Latin dispute with Marshal Lefevre. During this time, the officers got round his niece, who entertained them with singing canticles. The mule belonging to the Cantine was long expected, but at length arrived. A door was immediately placed upon a hogshead, and some planks were fixed round it in the form of benches. They were occupied by the principal officers, and the others helped themselves standing. The curate was seated to the right of the grand-marshal, and we entered into conversation respecting the country in which we were. It was with difficulty that our host comprehended how his military guests could be so well acquainted with its localities, and insisted upon our all being natives of Champagne. In order to explain the cause of his astonishment, we shewed him some sheets of Cassini, which were in every one's pocket. He was still more astonished when he found in them the names of all the neighbouring villages; so far was he from thinking that geography entered into such details. It was thus that the simplicity of the good curate enlivened the end of the repast. Shortly afterwards, every one provided for himself in the adjacent barns. The officers on service alone remained near Napoleon's apartment. Their truss of straw

was brought to them, and the curate being deprived of his bed, the place of honour on the camp bed was given up to him. The next morning, the 28th, the Imperial head quarters set off at a very early hour. Napoleon was on horseback while the curate was still asleep. He at length awoke; but, to console him for not having taken leave, he was presented, by order of the grand marshal, with a purse, the usual compensation given in all houses of an inferior class where Napoleon stopped.' *Fain*. pp. 148—150.

Such was the celerity of Napoleon's movements, that he had nearly caught his enemy in a *cul de sac*. Fortunately for the Prussian army, Blucher was enabled to effect his retreat, through the accidental occupation of Soissons by an allied corps. On the 7th of March, the Emperor drove a Russian corps from the strong position of Craonne; but a successful night attack by the allies on the corps of Marmont, compelled him to abandon further operations in this quarter, and he fell back in the direction of the Seine. At Arcis, he fell in with the advanced guard of the Austrians, and exposed himself, in the conflict, with an entire disregard of personal safety.

'Enveloped in the dust of cavalry charges, he was obliged to extricate himself sword in hand. He several times fought at the head of his escort, and instead of shunning the perils of the battle, he seemed on the contrary to defy them. A shell fell at his feet; he awaited the explosion, and quickly disappeared in a cloud of dust and smoke. He was thought to have been killed, but he got again upon his legs, threw himself on another horse, and went to expose himself once more to the fire of the batteries!.....Death refused him for his victim.' *Fain*. p. 193.

In this crisis of his fortunes, Napoleon resolved to hazard the famous movement on Saint Dizier, which threw him on the rear of the allies, and made him master of their communications. The result is well known;—the junction of Schwartzemberg and Blucher—their march on Paris—the defection of Marmont—and the abdication of Napoleon. We shall give Baron Fain's description of the last scene between Napoleon and his Marshals. The allies were encircling his position, and intercepting his retreat, in all directions; but this gave him little anxiety: aware that a line so extensive could easily be broken through, he proposed to make for the South, and, collecting all his remaining divisions, to engage in a renewed conflict. This plan was opposed by those who surrounded him; the horrors of civil war, and the hopelessness of final success were strongly urged upon him.

'“ Well, since I must renounce the hope of defending France,” cried Napoleon, “ does not Italy offer a retreat worthy of me? Will

you follow me once more across the Alps!" This proposal was received in profound silence. If at this moment Napoleon had quitted his saloon and entered the hall of the secondary officers, he would have found a host of young men, eager to follow wheresoever he might lead them! But a step further, and he would have been greeted at the foot of the stairs by the acclamations of all his troops! Napoleon, however, was swayed by the habits of his reign. He thought success could not attend him if he marched without the *great officers* whom his Imperial dignity had created. He conceived that General Bonaparte himself could not renew his career without his old train of lieutenants. But they had received his summons in silence! He found himself compelled to yield to their apathy, though not without addressing to them these prophetic words:—"You wish for repose; take it then! Alas! you know not how many troubles and dangers will await you on your beds of down. A few years of that peace which you are about to purchase so dearly, will cut off more of you than the most sanguinary war would have done!"

Fain. pp. 249, 250.

A strange story is told, of an attempt made by Napoleon to destroy himself by poison, which failed, either from the smallness of the dose or the inefficiency of the drug. An appendix of papers, many of which are also printed in the "*Historical Miscellanies*," adds 120 pages to the volume, much to the advantage of its size and price, though very little to the information of the reader, who will, probably, have met with the greater part of them before.

The worthy Las Cases is as garrulous, as coxcombical, and as amusing as ever; but, whether the fault be on his side, or that we are beginning to grow rather tired of his protracted gossiping, he seems to us less original, and a little more disposed to make the most of his materials. A good specimen of the small ingenuity with which he contrives to make himself conspicuous by the side of Napoleon, is exhibited nearly at the commencement of the present section of his work, in a conversation on the subject of mendicity, poor's rates, and prisons; which he contrives to make the text of sundry compliments on the part of his Master, and long, shallow, prosing dissertations on his own. The Count makes a very impressive display of the astonishment felt by Napoleon at the amazing abilities of his companion, and his regret that he had failed to discover them at a time when they might have been made useful in some elevated and responsible ministerial office.

'I every day,' said Napoleon, 'collect ideas from you in this place, of which I did not imagine you capable; but it was not at all my fault. You were near me; why did you not open your mind to me?' I did

not possess the gift of divination. Had you been minister, those ideas, however fantastical they might at first have appeared to me, would not have been the less attended to.'

'Had you been minister?' We can well conceive the entrancing effect with which these words, if really spoken, must have fallen on the ear of the delighted Count. They would carry him back in imagination to the *bureaux* and *seances* of the Tuileries, decorate him with stars, ribbons, and titles, and place him at the right hand of the Arbiter of Europe, his favourite and envied counsellor. But they tend, with more soberness of construction, to illustrate the readiness with which Napoleon entered into the characters of his associates, and the good-natured dexterity which, accommodating itself to circumstances, and unable to acquit services in more substantial coin, repaid attachment with kindness, and fed vanity with praise.

In the conversation of which the above-cited compliment forms a part, Las Cases produced the copy of an official report on mendicity, which he had formerly drawn up and presented to the Minister of the Interior; and by his own account, it appears to have contained a few interesting facts, and some useful suggestions, borrowed from the institutions of England in principle, but altered in name, and deteriorated in application. He affects, however, to spare his readers the details of his scheme, and takes no small credit to himself for his forbearance.

'However short the report on mendicity may be,—however necessary for more distinctly understanding the Emperor's observations, and although not destitute of interest for those who are fond of the study of philanthropic economy, I have declined the insertion of it here, out of deference to the greater number of my readers.'

He takes care, however, to lose but little by his 'deference;' for he contrives to 'insinuate his plot' into the minds of his readers, before he dismisses the subject; and, making allowance for his characteristic wordiness and sentimentality, his observations and facts are not without interest. They shew the enormous abuses which prevail on the Continent—we wish that our own country were entirely free from them—and the miserable effects of indiscriminate confinement on juvenile character.

We have been so long detained by the other text-books of this article, that we have but small space left for these two slender volumes. We are not, however, anxious to occupy many pages with their contents, since they are of a mixed and desultory nature; interesting enough as light and casual reading, and contributing something to our knowledge of their hero, but very little susceptible of abstract. Neither would the ready

method of multiplying extracts, afford an adequate idea of a work which is made up of a series of common and general conversations, and derives much of its interest from that circumstance alone. The governor is a frequent subject, but we are really tired of hearing his name and practices so incessantly introduced. He was an object of such complete antipathy to the inmates of Longwood, that Santini, the Corsican servant, had determined on shooting him, and was with difficulty turned aside from the design. In a long speech, which seems to have been manufactured for publication, rather than to have been actually addressed to Napoleon, there are given many very interesting particulars respecting the emigrants and the court of the princes at Coblenz. Las Cases, who had been himself an emigrant, and was of noble blood, describes, from personal knowledge, and with apparent accuracy, the leading characters of the party. The Count d'Artois is spoken of as a man of fascinating manners, and the talents of the present King are highly eulogized. The pride, the jealousy, the selfishness, and intriguing disposition of the mob of *émigrés*, are fairly exposed.

‘ Denunciations of every kind, and from every quarter, were then showered down upon those who joined us. A *Prince de Saint-Maurice*, son of the Prince de Montbarey, found it impossible to resist the storm, although he had the formal support of every distinguished character, and that of the prince himself, who deigned to employ supplication in his favour, and said, “Alas! gentlemen, who is there that has not faults to reproach himself with in the Revolution? I have been guilty of several, and by your oblivion of them, you have given me the right of interceding for others.” This did not spare M. de Saint-Maurice the necessity of making his escape as soon as possible. His crime was that of having belonged to the Society of the Friends of the Negroes, and of having been violently attacked in the midst of us by a gentleman of Franche Comté, who denounced M. de Saint-Maurice for having caused his mansions to be burnt. It was, however, discovered, a few days afterwards, that the brawling assailant had no mansion, and was neither from Franche Comté, nor a gentleman: he was a mere adventurer.

‘ *M. de Cazalès*, who had filled France and Europe with the celebrity of his eloquence and courage in the national assembly, had, notwithstanding, lost the popular favour at Coblenz. When he arrived at Paris, a report was spread among us, that the princes would not see him, or would give him an ungracious reception. We collected eighty natives of Languedoc to be, in opposition to his own wishes, a kind of escort to him. M. de Cazalès was the honour of our province; we conducted him to the princes, by whom he was well received. A deputy of the third estate, who had highly distinguished himself in the constituent assembly by his attachment to royalty, was among us.

One of our princes addressing him one day in the crowd, said, "But, Sir, explain to me then. You are so worthy a man, how could you at the time take the oath of the *jeu de paume*?" The deputy, struck dumb by the attack, at first stammered out that he had been taken unawares.... that he did not foresee the fatal consequences.... But, promptly recovering himself, he replied with vivacity; "I shall, however, observe to Monseigneur, that it was not that which led to the ruin of the French monarchy, but, in fact, the union of the nobility, which joined us in consequence of the very persuasive letter written by Monseigneur."—"Stop there," exclaimed the prince, touching him gently on the stomach, "be cool, my dear Sir; I did not intend to vex you by that question."

The stupid *hauteur* of the Court of France before the Revolution, is affirmed to have been carried to such a height of folly, that

'The old Duke of Gloucester complained, on his own account,' says M. Las Cases, 'of one of our princes of the blood, and added, that the Prince of Wales laughed heartily, because he, the Prince of Wales, addressing the same Prince by the title of Monseigneur, the latter studiously endeavoured to model his language so as not to return the compliment.'

Napoleon steadily affirmed, that there was no conspiracy formed in aid of the expedition from Elba. Public opinion was so decidedly in his favour, that, 'if he had chosen, he might have brought with him to Paris two millions of peasants.' The Bourbons being stigmatized, in his hearing, as having abandoned the monarchy, he replied:

'Sir, you are mistaken, you have taken a wrong view of the matter. The Bourbons were not wanting in courage: they did all they could. The Count d'Artois flew to Lyons; the Dutchess d'Angouleme proved herself an amazon in Bourdeaux, and the Duke d'Angouleme offered as much resistance as he could. If, in spite of all this, they could attain no satisfactory object, the fault must not be attributed to them, but to the force of circumstances.'

When he was asked, which was the 'greatest' of the 'fifty or sixty great battles' which he had fought, the Emperor hesitated in his reply, and observed that they could only be judged of by their results. In the "Historical Miscellanies," he is said to have represented the manœuvre of Landshut, and the battles of Abensberg and Eckmühl, as his 'boldest, finest, and most scientific' efforts. We cite, without comment, the following singular remarks, which fell from Napoleon in conversation.

'England is said to traffic in every thing; why then does she not sell liberty, for which she might get a high price, and without any

fear of exhausting her own stock? For modern liberty is essentially moral, and does not betray its engagements. For example, what would not the poor Spaniards give her to free them from the yoke to which they have been again subjected? I am confident they would willingly pay any price to recover their freedom. It was I who inspired them with this sentiment: and the error into which I fell, might at least be turned to good account by another government. As to the Italians, I have planted in their hearts principles that never can be rooted out. What can England do better than to promote and assist the noble impulses of modern regeneration? Sooner or later this regeneration must be accomplished. Sovereigns and old aristocratic institutions may exert their efforts to oppose it, but in vain. They are dooming themselves to the punishment of Sisyphus; but, sooner or later, some arm will tire of resistance, and then the whole system will fall to nothing. Would it not be better to yield with a good grace?—This was my intention. Why does England refuse to avail herself of the glory and advantage she might derive from this course of proceeding? Every thing passes away in England as well as elsewhere. Castlereagh's administration will pass away, and that which may succeed it, and which is doomed to inherit the fruit of so many errors, may become great by only discontinuing the system that has hitherto been pursued. He who may happen to be placed at the head of the English cabinet, has merely to allow things to take their course, and to obey the winds that blow. By becoming the leader of liberal principles, instead of leaguings with absolute power like Castlereagh, he will render himself the object of universal benediction, and England will forget her wrongs. Fox was capable of so acting, but Pitt was not: the reason is, that, in Fox, the heart warmed the genius; while in Pitt, the genius withered the heart. But it may be asked, why I, all-powerful as I was, did not pursue the course I have here traced out?—how, since I can speak so well, I could have acted so ill? I reply to those who make this inquiry with sincerity, that there is no comparison between my situation and that of the English Government. England may work on a soil which extends to the very bowels of the earth, while I could labour only on a sandy surface. England reigns over an established order of things; while I had to take upon myself the great charge, the immense difficulty of consolidating and establishing. I purified a revolution in spite of hostile factions. I combined together all the scattered benefits that could be preserved; but I was obliged to protect them with a nervous arm, against the attacks of all parties; and in this situation it may truly be said, that the public interest, the state was myself.

In connexion with a conversation on the difference in the several varieties of domestic affection, Las Cases relates the following peculiarities in his master's habits.

‘ He would sometimes take his son in his arms, and embrace him with the most ardent demonstrations of paternal love. But most

frequently his affection would manifest itself by playful teasing or whimsical tricks. If he met his son in the gardens, for instance, he would throw him down, or upset his toys. The child was brought to him every morning at breakfast time, and he then seldom failed to besmear him over with every thing within his reach on the table.

On another occasion,

• The Emperor accounted for the clearness of his ideas, and the facility he possessed of being able to protract the duration of his application to the utmost, by saying that the different ideas were put up in his head as in a closet. "When I wish to interrupt an affair," said he, "I close the drawer which contains it, and I open that which contains another. They do not mix together, and do not fatigue me, nor inconvenience me." He had never been kept awake, he said, by an involuntary pre-occupation of mind. "If I wish to sleep, I shut up all the drawers, and I am asleep." So that he had always, he added, slept when he wanted rest, and almost at will.

We purposely pass over the squabbles between Sir Hudson Lowe and his prisoners; it is an unpleasant subject, and we have no wish to recur to it. Count Las Cases takes an opportunity of giving his attestation to the general accuracy of Mr. O'Meara's journal, and states in connexion with that subject, the following singular piece of indiscretion on the part of Sir Hudson Lowe.

• Whilst writing this, I have received from Sir Hudson Lowe some extracts of confidential letters, which he informs me he received at the time from Mr. O'Meara, in which, he observes to me, O'Meara spoke of me in a very improper manner, and made secret reports to him respecting me. What can have been the intention of Sir Hudson Lowe in acting thus with me? Considering the terms on which we are together, he cannot have been prompted by a very tender interest. Did he wish to prove to me, that Mr. O'Meara acted as a spy for him upon us? Did he hope so far to prepossess me against him, as to influence the nature and the force of my testimony in favour of his adversary? And, after all, are these letters in their original state? Have they not been altered after the fashion of St. Helena? But, even supposing their meaning to be true and explicit, in what respect can they offend me? What claim had I then on Mr. O'Meara's indulgence? What right had I to expect it? It is true that at a later period, after his return to Europe, seeing him persecuted and punished on account of the humanity of his conduct towards Napoleon, I wrote to him to express my heartfelt gratitude, and to offer him an asylum in my family, should injustice compel him to leave his own country; that he was welcome to share with me. But at Saint Helena, I hardly knew him, and I do not believe that I spoke to him ten times during my residence at Longwood. I considered him as being opposed to me by nation, by opinions, and by interest: such was the nature of my connexion with Mr. O'Meara. He was, there-

fore, entirely at liberty with respect to me; he might then write whatever he thought proper, and it cannot now vary the opinion which I have since formed of him. Sir Hudson Lowe intends now to insinuate, that Mr. O'Meara was a double and a triple spy at the same moment, viz. for the Government, for Napoleon, and for him, Sir Hudson Lowe; but does that disprove the truth and destroy the authenticity of the facts mentioned in his book? On the contrary. And from which of the three parties could he expect to be rewarded for revealing these facts to the public? Napoleon is no more; he can expect nothing from him: and his publication has rendered the two others his ardent enemies, who have deprived him of his situation, and threaten to disturb his repose; for his real crime, in their eyes, is the warm zeal which he has displayed, of a friend to the laws and to decorum; who, indignant at the mean and indecorous vexations to which Napoleon had been exposed, drags the true Authors of them to light, in order to exculpate his country. I have, therefore, considered this tardy communication of the confidential letters which Sir Hudson Lowe has just transmitted to me, at the moment of his action with O'Meara, as a kind of interested accusation, which every one will qualify as he thinks proper. I have never even acknowledged the receipt of these letters; and still less have I ever thought of complaining of their contents.'

We have omitted to state, in its proper place, that at the end of the volume of "Memoirs," there is inserted a short but interesting correspondence between Marshal Jourdan and General Gourgaud, as also between the latter and the Saxon General de Gersdorff. It had been stated in the former volume, that Jourdan had been an active member of the *Société du Manège*, and that, in conjunction with Augereau, he had offered the Dictatorship to Napoleon in the name of that association. Both these facts Jourdan positively denies; and Gourgaud, in reply, very intelligibly, though very courteously intimates, that he puts no faith in his disavowal. The letter of de Gersdorff is in vindication of the behaviour of the Saxon troops at the battle of Wagram, which had been spoken of by Napoleon in terms of reproach.

Art. IV. 1. *Narrative of a Journey in the Morea.* By Sir William Gell, M.A. F.R.S. F.S.A. 8vo. pp. 412. (9 plates.) London. 1823.

2. *A Further Appeal to the British Public in the Cause of the Persecuted Greeks.* By the Rev. Robert Chatfield, LL.D. Vicar of Chatteris, &c. 8vo. pp. 124. London. 1823.

3. *A Letter to the Earl of Liverpool, on the Subject of the Greeks.* By Thomas Lord Erskine. Second Edition. 8vo. pp. 40. London. 1822.

WE have not heard that Sir William Gell has actually been circumcised, but the zeal with which he espouses the cause of the Turks, is a very suspicious circumstance. The Mahomedans are at least great favourites with him, and he gives a decided preference to their religion, or rather no religion, in comparison with that of the Greeks. 'It appears to me,' he says, (speaking of the latter,) 'that their idea of Christianity is infinitely more estranged from the precepts of the Gospel than the Koran itself.' We are very glad to gather from this sentence, that Sir William admits the superiority of the Gospel to the Koran: so then, he is not quite a Turk.

There is much that is palpably unfair, and still more palpably unfeeling, in this gentleman's ill-timed attack upon the Greeks.

'I was once,' he says, 'very enthusiastic in the cause of Greece: it is only by knowing well the nation, that my opinion is changed. All the attempts to excite a crusade in favour of the Greeks, have been backed by the most gross misrepresentations of their readiness to learn and improve, and of their present progress. Whoever embarks in their cause, will fail, and will end by retiring in disgust. It is only Russia that can save them from themselves; and that must be done by exercising upon them for a whole generation the most despotic and coercive measures, and making them happy by force.'
p. 306.

We suppose that Sir William founds his opinion of the beneficial effects of Russian despotism, upon the present state of Poland. Russia, that has saved the Poles from themselves, would doubtless be the most natural benefactor of the Greeks; and the result of the former experiment must convince every body, of the wisdom of soliciting that most civilized of Christian powers, the Muscovite, to undertake their emancipation. But one thing puzzles us in this oracular opinion of Sir William's; to wit, how it comes to pass that, since the Greeks can be made happy only by the most despotic and coercive measures exercised upon a whole generation, such measures

have hitherto failed to produce this effect, though employed by the Turks during a series of generations. We have his own shewing, that the Mahomedans are the better Christians, and their despotism would seem only to have been too mild. Unless the failure be attributable to this last circumstance, we cannot understand why the Greeks should be made happy by Russian despotism and coercion, rather than by Turkish. We should have thought that the *happifying* effects (to use for once a barbarous Americanism) of despotic measures, had been sufficiently tried, to warrant the experiment of a different course of treatment. But Sir William Gell gives it as his opinion, that there is something in the *climate* of Greece—yes, of Greece—which renders it impossible for freedom and independence to live there.

‘It will be time,’ he sagely remarks, ‘to believe that the nations of the South are *capable* of a just enjoyment of liberty, when we see a single quiet example of it.....With regard to the people themselves, I have little hesitation in saying, they were better even under the Turks than they would be under a government of their own choosing, in their present state. A foreign force might indeed compel them to be happy for a time, but they must then submit to multiplied taxes and personal conscription, from which they have hitherto been almost exempt, till they had gained strength to break out again. Before that period, however, luxury would have made so great a progress, that the rich would unite with the strangers, preferring any chains to the convulsion which might break them; and this is the general course of events in the South, where the bounties of nature render the world worth living for even in chains, provided they be splendid. In the North, where nothing less than freedom could render existence supportable, the circle of events may perhaps pass through corresponding phases, though at a slower rate; for those who have once acquired the blessings of liberty under a cloudy sky, are more likely to preserve it. It is with great facility that political changes take place in the nations of the South, and the consequence is the easy subversion of the existing governments; but to build up a new and better system is not in the power of a people who act neither on reason nor experience, but from present impulse of feeling.

‘Whether the same reasons, which will ever prevent the nations of the South from remaining independent, will not in time act on those of the North, where long security and luxury may effect by degrees that sort of indifference, which prefers comforts and fashions to any advantages which might arise from the momentary deprivation of them, only time can shew. Individual independence, and in time the public liberty, may be attacked in more ways than one. In Turkey they would set about it openly with the purse in their hands. In the North it might be attacked with more security by those in power, if they were ingenious enough to render themselves, at the same time, the models of fashion; for all the world would rather be thought even

wicked to a certain extent than vulgar: the fear of that stigma, which operates most powerfully on the most polished state of society, would draw all by degrees into the snare, and the unwary would sell themselves to the gratification of vanity, triumphing all the time in their virtue, because they had received no money. Perhaps the period is fast approaching when the upper ranks of all climates would rather be rid of the troublesome honour of a share in the government. I should be as sorry to live in the South with a constitution, as in the North without one. There can, at all events, exist little chance of freedom, or what would really be emancipation, for the Greeks. They must fall to the share of the stranger, who is little likely to communicate to them that which he does not himself enjoy.

pp. 166—168.

‘A single ruler certainly gives much less trouble than ten thousand; and it might admit of a doubt, whether those who enjoy the greatest share of liberty, are, in the every day occurrences of life, half so free as those who are supposed to be the victims of despotism. Whether, for instance, the annual spoliation of a pasha or two, who assuredly deserve it, is half so great a public nuisance as that sort of pretended liberty which is the boast of Geneva, where every member of the community acts as a jealous spy upon his neighbour; watches him out of the town; closes the gates upon him if he is a minute too late; prohibits his theatre; renders his holidays days of sorrow and restriction; interferes, in some way or other, with almost every action of his life; and when at length, worn out with frivolous vexations, he would fly the country, informs the victim of liberty, that no horses are allowed on that day.’ p. 212.

‘On *that* day!’ on what day, Sir William? Sunday, perhaps. That were a terrible grievance, most assuredly, if a learned traveller and antiquary like him, might not command horses on *that* day. But who can refrain from sympathizing with our Author in this pathetic recital of the sorrows of liberty? Not that any one besides Sir William would have fixed on Geneva as enjoying the greatest share of civil liberty. But there is something exquisitely naive and simple-hearted—a very Wordsworth-like simplicity—in the manner in which he sets off the provoking caution and formality of the Swiss citizens in shutting their gates, and their Presbyterian antipathy to theatricals, against ‘the annual spoliation of a pasha or two.’ Sir William is a wag. He knows all the while *why* there is not more liberty at Geneva than there is: the climate is too far South.

But the unhappy climate of Greece, would seem to be as unfavourable to religion as to liberty. He says:

‘All hope of reform in the practices of the Greek church is out of the question; for no Greek exists, who would not rather become a Turk, than admit one improvement from any other community of

Christians.....It would be easier to convert the whole interior of Africa to the true faith, than one single Greek to the religion of the New Testament. It would indeed be much easier, as more flattering to the national vanity, to reconduct them to paganism, and through that to a new conversion'.....' Assuredly no species of paganism would inspire them with such hatred as a slight difference in the most trivial opinion.' pp. 196, 7. 119.

Sir William is here meddling with a subject that he does not in the least understand, which will partly account for his courageous disregard of facts. The rooted antipathy of the Greeks to the Latins, is not difficult to be accounted for. They quarrel with each other every where, at Jerusalem as well as in Turkey; and the hatred is mutual: only, on the part of the Greek, it is heightened by the hereditary sense of injury. With equal truth might it be said of the Latin, that he would rather become a Turk, than a Greek. With equal truth might it be said of the Papist in many countries, that Paganism inspires him with less hatred than Protestantism. And to come nearer home, the conversion of Papal Ireland to the religion of the New Testament, might be as reasonably despaired of, judging from some specimens of the Irish Catholic, as that of Greece. 'Either in Andros or Tinos,' says Sir William, 'all the Roman Catholics were murdered in one night.' Did he never hear of any Roman Catholic massacres?

But, to prove the utter impossibility of converting a single Greek to the religion of the New Testament, Sir William says:

'To suppose that any Greek archbishop will ever sincerely support a Bible Society, the very first effect of which must be the ruin of his own pretensions, would be really too absurd to require a remark, if we had not witnessed the attempts of Protestants, on a visit to Rome, to preach down the Pope himself in his own capital. If a Greek, such as the Logotheti of Athens, has undertaken to be Vice-president of a Bible Society in that city, his office of Consul could not protect him from the indignation it would excite, were he sincere in his attempts. But if there had been any foundation for such accounts, the archbishop, and the Bible Society, the Smyrna Gazette, the "stereotype editions of Greek classics, widely circulated throughout Greece," and the whole series of Humbugiana, which those who have travelled in Greece, read with silent astonishment, but which the enlightened public so greedily devour, must have long ceased to exist; and the Bibles, the mathematical lectures, the 30,000 volumes at Chios, the 700 students, and the angels on horse-back, must have taken their departure to the place which gave them existence, the columns of a German newspaper.' pp. 304, 5.

Our Author has some skill in grouping, but it will be neces-

sary to examine his figures in detail. The German newspapers are not the authority on which some at least of the facts rest, which Sir William affects to discredit. He will not, we presume, venture to call in question the veracity of either Mr. Jowett or Mr. Leves, in the accounts which they have transmitted to the Bible Society; but admitting this, he must have known when he penned this paragraph, that he was sacrificing truth to effect, in mixing up the exertions of the Bible Society with the 'German colleges.' His attempt to impeach the sincerity of the parties concerned, is base and contemptible. We have to do only with their actions, not with their motives; and the readiness with which several of the Greek bishops have concurred in the translating and printing of the Modern Greek Testament, reflects back the charge of absurdity on its author. But Sir William's hypothetical argument, were it worth any thing against facts, would obviously apply to Greek archbishops as well in Muscovy as in Turkey. Are then their Eminences the four Greek Metropolitans, the four Greek archbishops, and the two lord bishops, who rank among the Vice Presidents of the Russian Bible Society, all incapable of sincerely supporting such an institution? So Sir William Gell may choose to affirm; but then, who is the 'humbug?'

It is time to dismiss the learned Traveller, for whom, as an antiquary, a topographer, and a draftsman, we feel so high a respect, that we the more regret that he should have set up, in the present volume, for a politician and philosopher. He has undoubtedly furnished a lively and entertaining narrative, embellished with some pretty lithographic sketches of scenery, which furnish matter for interesting description. But the jaundiced view he takes of every thing connected with the Greek natives, renders it impossible to place any reliance on the fidelity of his representations, so far as *they* are concerned. His account of the Mainiotes, for instance, who are described as 'in every respect far behind the rest of the Greek population of the Morea, and sunk, beyond all hope of recovery, in ignorance and prejudice,'—by no means tallies with the account given by Mr. Morritt, who states, that they hold the laws of hospitality in religious reverence; that travellers are sure of the most cordial welcome and a safe escort; that their women are treated with respect, and that conjugal infidelity is very rare. Their veneration for the aged is admitted by Sir William himself in the following paragraph, which we transcribe for the sake of shewing how easy it is to give a ridiculous turn or false colouring to the most favourable circumstance or trait of character.

‘ In almost every Greek expedition, on foot, on horseback, or in a boat, *this most awkward veneration for hoary locks*, yet exists, as in the history of ancient Sparta; and the consequences of the *fatal prejudice* are in every case delay, and in many, danger. A Greek boat has always some old, obstinate, and ignorant monster on board, whose only merit consists in being unwilling to learn more than his grandfather knew before him; and his fears and idleness are among the most provoking impediments to the voyage.’ p. 308.

Such is the dignified, enlightened, and impartial spirit which pervades the book. The journey which it narrates, was moreover undertaken *nine years ago*; and though Sir William asserts, that ‘ few changes have since taken place, and certainly not ‘ many improvements,’ his assertion in such a case cannot weigh much, after the ample proofs we have given of his unfairness and prejudice. The fact is, that a great part of his statements rest on private communications, rather than on local knowledge. The volume is full of general assertions, but extremely barren of facts; full of sneers at Greek liberty and the Bible Society, and of ominous predictions, already falsified by recent events, but utterly destitute of any solid or important information. It is dedicated to Lady Drummond, whose munificence, by a strange typographical blunder, is stated to have protected the Author ‘ in success’—we presume, sickness. We should have recommended Sir William to dedicate it to the memory of Lord Londonderry. He would have approved of the work.

Happily, the cause of the Greeks is not likely materially to suffer from Sir William’s defection; it can dispense with him as an auxiliary. We transcribe from Dr. Chatfield’s pamphlet, the following statement of their recent successes, communicated by ‘ a Grecian friend.’

‘ The Greeks, during the last two years, with few mercantile vessels, and as it were to say, with two or three rounds of cartridges, have emancipated all Peloponnesus, with the exception of four fortresses, namely, Modon, Coron, Patras, and Corinth, and these two last, in a few days, will surrender. Napoli, the principal fortress in the Morea, surrendered the 30th November last. Crete is entirely free, with the exception of one single fortress, which still remains in the hands of the enemy. All Bœotia is free,—likewise Phocis, Locris, Ætolia, Acarnania; and in Eubœa, one fortress only remains, which is besieged by the Greeks. All the islands which are called the Cyclades, are free, with the exception of Cyprus and Rhodes; and the flag of our nation floats every where on the sea. The vessels of the Speziots, Psariots, Hydriots, Cassiots, and Samians, carrying only from 10 to 24 guns, have terrified the Great Fleet of the Sultan, and have expelled it from the Mediterranean. The Turkish fleet cannot sail out of the Dardanelles. Twice the fleet of the Sultan

ventured out, and twice it returned with great damage and disgrace, without being able to give the least assistance to the besieged fortresses—and so much for the Grecian affairs by sea. As to those by land, the commander of Romelia, Churchid Pacha, (*Χουρτσίδης*) last August, sent several Pachas by the way of Thermopylæ, with 93,000 troops. But, what have they done? They have been all destroyed by the Greeks under the new Leonidas, General Nicetas; and the remains of the army, about 6,000, escaped by flight to Corinth, and are now perishing by famine, and on the point of surrendering. Attica is entirely free; and the Greek banner floats on her citadel. From the part of Albania, four Pachas went against Acarnania, with 12,000 troops, the best chosen of Albania and of all Turkey, having several pieces of field artillery and mortars, and they arrived at the ramparts of Messolongi on the 25th December; about the dawn of the morning, the enemy assailed the ditch with ladders, and they suffered the fire of the Greeks for three hours very obstinately; but at last they were obliged to retreat to their own camp, with the loss of 500 men, and as many wounded. On the 31st of the same month, in the middle of the night, they fled away from their camp, leaving all their baggage, viz. thirteen pieces of field artillery and mortars, and an immense number of cannon balls and gunpowder, sixty tents, two of which, belonging to Viziers, were magnificent; and all these, as well as their provisions, many sick men, &c. the Greeks brought in the morning to Messolongi in triumph, having at their head the Prince Maurocordato. After this, all the Grecian army pursued the enemy very closely, and in passing the river Acheloius, which was swollen, many of them were drowned, and in short, the Greeks have almost destroyed all this camp. They are pursuing the enemy every where, and consequently are triumphant. All these accounts, which I write to you, are true and authentic; and you can communicate them to your friends without any suspicion of exaggeration, but rather of diminution, because I could not write to you every thing minutely, in order that the actions of the Greeks may not appear incredible, because they have done this, I repeat it again, with two or three rounds of cartridges. Now, however, they have pieces of artillery and mortars, which they have found in the enemy's camps, and in the fortresses which they have taken. They have organized a corps of 800 men: these are certainly few; but where is the money to organize more? If they had had a regular army of 10,000 men, they might have been now in Thrace, and could have done great things, and they would have shewn the pretended powerful Sultan what he really is.

The Grecian fleet consists of one hundred and fifty vessels, the largest of them carry 24 guns. The land army of the Greeks are 50,000, under skilful generals, and brave, but not regular. Colocotroni, his nephews Nicetas, Zaimes, Londos, and others, are generals in Peloponnesus, which is called the Southern Greece, according to the new division by the government.—Odysseus, Guras, Dubiniotes, Metzos, Contogiannes, Caratassos, Scaltzodemus, and others, are generals in the Eastern Greece, from Athens to Zeitouni.

Marcus Botzaris, Ziongas, Macris, Caraiscos, and others, are generals of the Western Greece, in Ætolia and Acarnania, as far as Arta, for the present.

‘The Greeks begin to regenerate,—to conduct themselves better,—and to acquire an heroic spirit; but, they are still poor: and, if any friendly power *could assist them with money to enable them to pay a corps of disciplined men with regular salary, they could acquire at once power and stability:—they would want it only for a year, because, in that time, by the means of this corps, they could discipline others of their own.*

‘They have established well their internal government, with a legislative constitution, with a police in every place, with two councils, courts of justice, with garrisons in the fortresses; and now, they go on with harmony and union under the great wisdom of the President of the Senate, Prince Maurocordato. But, I tell you this, that if neutral flags had not given assistance to the besieged Turks in the fortresses, it is certain that now no fortress could have remained in the hands of the enemy. Besides, if they had not given sailors to the Turkish fleet, they never could have sailed at all out of the Dardanelles; because in the vessel of the Capitan Pacha, which was burnt a short time ago, five hundred sailors were found, foreigners belonging to neutral flags. But now, I understand, that the Ambassadors at Constantinople have prohibited such proceedings. God, however, is for our assistance:—who has confounded the councils of the Sultan, so that he killed at first Ali Pacha, the principal pillar of Turkey,—next the great Churchid Pacha, Lombut Pacha, Selim Pacha, Ismail Pacha, and seven other Pachas, and the Grand Vizier. He also destroyed all his ministers, and particularly the celebrated Haleb Effendi; and now his ministry consists of labouring Janizaries, and all his Viziers are *new slaves*, and without experience. Think, then, how perplexed our enemy is. Oriental Turkey is at war with Persia; the Pacha of Acre revolted, and he defeated three Pachas who went against him. The Sultan beheaded even all the commanders of the fleet who were saved in the Dardanelles, for the cause that they did not defeat the Grecian fleet, and for not having given assistance to the garrison in Napoli, and in the other fortresses.’ pp. 69—72.

Dr. Chatfield’s appeal on their behalf will be found highly deserving of perusal: it abounds with information, and supplies a complete antidote to Sir William Gell’s mis-statements. Lord Erskine’s Letter, which was written on the spur of the moment, and has by this time lost some of its interest, has for its object, to recommend an armed interference on behalf of the Greeks, which we are not convinced by either his Lordship’s arguments or those of Dr. Johnson cited by Dr. Chatfield, that our Government would have been justified in exerting.

‘My own opinion,’ says his Lordship, ‘undoubtedly is, and always has been, and ever must continue, that the Turks should be thrust forth at once from Europe by its united force, if it can be ob-

tained; and in effecting this, I should not think it necessary to consult the Duke of Wellington, as the greatest man for conducting an army that ever existed among us, or I believe ever will; I should rather confide the matter to some long-practised diplomatist, with the assistance of a lawyer to draw up the notice to quit. This is no figure, my Lord,—since what possible resistance could Turkey make, if Europe could settle to whom possession should be delivered?’

That question will, we hope, be settled, and the ejectment served, by the Greeks themselves. They have the best possible right to succeed to the possession of their own country, when the Turks shall have vacated it; and that unwieldy despotism already totters to its predicted downfall. Waiving, however, any political speculations in this place, we shall for the present take leave of the subject with two remarks, which may serve to place the cause and claims of the Greeks in their proper light.

In the first place, we would deprecate resting their claims in any degree on their ancestral honours, or the purity of their pedigree. This consideration may serve to point a paragraph, or give effect to a speech at a public dinner; but, in truth, their being Greeks, has, in our opinion, extremely little to do with the justice of their cause. Their right and title to the land, on the ground of inheritance, cannot be considered as at all more valid than that of the Welsh, the true old Britons, to the sovereignty of this island. Whether, therefore, the Mainiotes are descended, as they boast, from the ancient Spartans, or from Laconian pirates; whether the Hydriotes are Hellenists by descent, or belong, as Sir William Gell contends, to ‘the worst and lowest species of Albanians;’—whatever be the origin of the various tribes of the peninsula, or however mixed they may be with Slavonic or Venetian intruders, their claims to British compassion and British aid are, in our view, not in the least affected by such considerations. They are doubtless, like the Copts of Egypt, both a mixed and a degenerate race. But the interest attaching to them as Greeks, and which, in spite of all cold reasonings, must attach to the name, linked as it is with every classical prepossession and the proudest historical recollections,—this interest relates to the soil, not to the race. It is Greece as a country, not the Greeks as a people, of whom we know little, that excites our enthusiasm. It is felt as a violence done to every association, an incongruity in the political state of things, a disgrace to human nature, that Greece, the cradle of Western learning and birth-place of liberty, the country of Homer, and Pindar, and Plato, and Leonidas,—should be the seat of Tartar barbarism, of Mussulman intolerance, peopled only by tyrants and slaves. ‘Are we not ourselves,’ exclaims Dr. Chatfield,

' this kind of classic taste and refinement, a mingled race of Britons, Romans, Saxons, Danes, Normans? And shall it be said, that we are not Britons, because the Northern hordes have occasionally poured their myriads upon our shores, and blended the blood of Scandinavia with the descendants of Caractacus?'

The Romaic, if language be any test of filiation, has at least a closer relation to the ancient Greek, than the English language has to that in which King John's barons claimed their rights. But, as we apprehend that no one ever thought of resting the claims of the Italians to the enjoyment of civil liberty, on their descent from the ancient Romans, so, it is not the connexion of the modern with the ancient Greeks, on which turns the question of their social rights. Their claims upon us, are those of a persecuted and oppressed people: the accidental interest of their cause, arises from the country which they occupy.

But if it is not as descendants from the ancient Greeks, that they claim our peculiar sympathy, neither is it, in our judgment, because they are Christians. Christians they are in name only; and we frankly concede to Sir William Gell and all other friends of the Turks, that Islamism has more in common with the religion of the New Testament, than the paganism into which the Greek and Latin superstitions have alike to a large extent degenerated. But let us do the Greek justice; he is not less a Christian than the Spanish monk or the Irish white-boy; and therefore, unless we could reform our nomenclature, and restore the word Christian to its primitive meaning, we must still include the worshippers of the Panagia and St. Isidore among the nations of Christendom. We do not, however, like to hear it argued, that the honour of Christianity is implicated in the cause of the Greeks. This might have done for the days of Peter the Hermit; but the time has gone by for waging holy wars on this pretence. The Mussulman knows, or ought to be made know, that the Greeks have *not* a common faith with us; that we regard them as idolaters who have corrupted and grossly departed from the faith contained in the sacred book we reverence in common. The plea of delivering the Christians from the yoke of the Infidels is hollow and unsound: the yoke of the Man of Sin is fully as detestable. Were the Greek Christians in possession of civil and religious liberty under their Turkish masters, we should not be more authorized to encourage them in insurrectionary proceedings, than we should be in trying to stir up the Protestants of France against their Roman Catholic rulers. The truth is, that the honour of Christianity is much more

deeply concerned in the conversion of the Greeks, than in their political emancipation;—nay, much more in the conversion of the Turks too, than in their expulsion. It is the existence and spread of Islamism, not its political ascendancy, which reflects disgrace on those who bear the Christian name. The primitive Christians felt it no disgrace to live under Heathen rulers, but they would have deemed the progress of heathenism morally impossible; and while Christianity retained, with its original purity, its expansive force, its reproductive energy, it was morally impossible. The scimitar of Mahommed would have been powerless as the sword of Nero or Diocletian, against the ethereal nature of that faith, which never waxed feeble till it became incorporated with the grosser element of secular power and grandeur.

Still, while we deprecate the religious pretence for a crusade against the Turks, there are religious grounds on which the Christian must rejoice in the downfall of Islamism, even though nothing better than the Greek superstition should in the first instance occupy its place. The worst feature in modern Mahommedism is, its ferocious stupidity. Wherever it prevails, a stop is immediately put to the progress of civilization, the humanizing light of science is shut out, and the faculties of men become stunted and incapable of further growth. The Turk is a finer animal than the Greek, but he is only an animal: he has reached the perfection of his instinct, and there he stops. The Greek, on the contrary, is at least capable of learning, capable of civilization: he is not illiterate upon principle, condemned to barbarism by his creed. His condition is that of a child hitherto untaught and ill treated, wayward and savage; but his character is not fixed: in him the principle of growth remains to be developed, and he may yet attain the moral stature of man.

Then, the Greeks recognise the Christian Scriptures. With what sincerity their priests may concur in their circulation, it matters not to determine: they acknowledge their authority, and cannot escape from it. The Bible must circulate in Greece, when that country shall be once delivered from Turkish domination. Curiosity and the thirst for learning will, as in Ireland, aid its circulation; the original language of the New Testament Scriptures, will recommend the volume to the Greeks; and the well known opposition of the Latin Church to the general distribution of the Scriptures among the laity, will furnish their priests with a motive for encouraging it. The example of the Russian Church, moreover, cannot fail to have a powerful influence on the clergy of Greece; and little doubt can be entertained, that they will be induced to take the lead

in a cause which they cannot hinder from advancing. The efforts of the Bible Society have for the present been checked by the political commotions which distract the Turkish empire. The revision of Hilarion's Modern Greek Testament by the Archbishop of Mount Sinai, has, however, been proceeding, and measures have been adopted for a first edition. A complete copy of the Albanian New Testament also has been forwarded to Malta, and Hilarion was taking steps to procure the translation of the Old Testament into that language. Anthimus, the present Greek patriarch, is said to be a friend to the objects of the Society. In the mean time, the Ionian Bible Society has been proceeding with zeal and success; and the influence of the new state of society which is, we fondly hope, in the process of formation in the Ionian republic, must be powerfully felt, eventually, on the Hellenic continent.

But the fall of the Turkish empire could not but be attended with the most important moral as well as political results. The caliphate, the vicarious succession, resides in the Sultan; and when the master of Mecca is overthrown at Constantinople, Islamism will have received its death-blow. Egypt is already lost to the Vicar of Mahommed; Arabia has revolted from the prophet; Syria only awaits a favourable opportunity of asserting her independence; Persia will exult in the ruin of her Ottoman rival, and has already begun to question the authority of the Koran; and Armenia, if not swallowed up between Russia and Persia, will share in the fortunes of Greece. Such is the crisis of the East. It is impossible for any intelligent philanthropist, much more for any devout Christian, to be otherwise than intensely interested in the present struggle, seeing that results are implicated in it, of such immeasurable importance, that the cause of the Greeks is the cause of human society.

Art. V. *A Collection of Poems, chiefly Manuscript, and from living Authors.* Edited for the Benefit of a Friend. By Joanna Baillie. Svo. pp. 330. London. 1823.

A LARGE and splendid list of subscribers to this elegant volume, has enabled Miss Baillie successfully to realize her generous intention in making the collection, to which her literary friends have so kindly contributed. As a very few copies of the impression remain, some extracts from a collection so unique may not be unacceptable to our readers. Among the contributors, the first and foremost is, as it should be, Sir Walter Scott, who has furnished an 'idle tale,' for which he apologises as

' scarcely of worth enough
To give or to withhold. But time creeps on,
Fancy grows colder as the silvery hair
Tells the advancing winter of our life.
But if it be of worth enough to please,
That worth it owes to her who set the task ;
If otherwise, the fault rest with the author.'

It is a dramatic scene, slight, but spirited in its execution, with here and there a touch of the master-hand, as in the following speech of the cowed warrior.

' ———peace be with you.'

' *Waldhaves.* It is not with me, and alas ! alas !

I know not where to seek it. This monk's mind
Is with his cloister marked, nor lacks more room.
Its petty duties, formal ritual,
Its humble pleasures, and its paltry troubles,
Fill up his round of life. Even as some reptiles,
They say, are moulded to the very shape
And all the angles of the rocky crevice
In which they live and die. But for myself,
Hunted by passion to the narrow cell,
Couching my tired limbs in its recesses,
So ill adapted am I to its limits,
That every attitude is agony.'

The pen of Charles B. Sheridan, a poet by birthright, has contributed some spirited effusions on the subject of the Greeks. The war-songs we leave to be translated into Romaic, but the following beautiful quatorzain we must fix in our pages.

' ON LEAVING GREECE, 1820.

' Hellas ! farewell !—with anxious gaze I view,
Lovely in tears, and injured as thou art,
Thy summits melting in the distant blue,
Fade from my eyes, but linger in my heart.
Submissive, silent victim ! dost thou feel
The chains which gall thee ? or has lengthened grief
Numb'd hate and shame alike with hope and zeal,
And brought insensibility's relief ?
Awake ! adjured by every chief and sage
Thou once couldst boast in many a meaner cause,
And let the tame submission of an age,
Like Nature's hush'd and scarcely rustling pause,
Ere winds burst forth, foretel the approaching storm,
When thou shalt grasp the spear, and raise thy prostrate form.'

Our old and venerated friend Mrs. Barbauld has, in the following lines, struck a chord that will vibrate on the heart :

‘ ON THE KING’S ILLNESS.

‘ Rest, rest, afflicted spirit ! quickly pass
 Thy hour of bitter suffering ! Rest awaits thee,
 There, where the load of weary life laid down,
 The peasant and the king repose together,—
 There peaceful sleep, thy quiet grave bedewed
 With tears of those who loved thee.—Not for thee,
 In the dark chambers of the nether world,
 Shall spectre kings rise from their burning thrones,
 And point the vacant seat, and scoffing say,
 Art thou become like us ? Oh not for thee ;
 For thou hadst human feelings, and hast lived
 A man with men ; and kindly charities,
 Even such as warm the cottage hearth, were thine.
 And therefore falls the tear from eyes not used
 To gaze on kings with admiration fond.
 And thou hast knelt at meek religion’s shrine
 With no mock homage, and hast owned her rights
 Sacred in every breast ; and therefore rise
 Affectionate for thee, the orisons
 And mingled prayers, alike from vaulted domes
 Whence the loud organ peels, and rafters roofs
 Of humbler worship.—Still remembering this,
 A nation’s pity and a nation’s love
 Linger beside thy couch, in this the day
 Of thy sad visitation, veiling faults
 Of erring judgment and not will perverse.
 Yet, oh that thou hadst closed the wounds of war !
 That had been praise to suit a higher strain.
 Farewell the years roll’d down the gulf of time !
 Thy name has chronicled a long bright page
 Of England’s story ; and perhaps the babe
 Who opens, as thou closest thine, his eyes
 On this eventful world, when aged grown,
 Musing on times gone by, shall sigh and say,
 Shaking his thin grey hairs, whitened with grief,
 Our fathers’ days were happy. Fare thee well !
 My thread of life has even run with thine
 For many a lustre ; and thy closing day
 I contemplate, not mindless of my own,
 Nor to its call reluctant.’

Oh ! this is worth all the Birth-day Odes that ever have been
 written, or that ever will be.—As a companion piece to this,
 we give the following well turned lines from the pen of the late
 Mrs. Dixon of Fellfoot,

‘ ON A GREY HAIR.

‘ Thou, whom the giddy mock, the gay deride,
 Protracted folly’s scourge, and foe to pride,

I'll meet thee, poor, pale omen of decay
With all the little wisdom that I may :
And hail thee herald of the tranquil hour
Of calm sensations, and high reason's power,
Of just ambition, to whose flight is given
No sordid check, but still aspires to heaven.
Let others spurn thee : I, without a dread,
Welcome thy long-loved honours to my head.
I will but, like a bee of vagrant wing,
That trifled o'er the treasures of the spring,
Research the garden with a nicer care,
Extend a wider flight thro' fields of air,
Or deeper probe the nectared flowret's bell,
To bring the honied wisdom to my cell :
Laden with sweets, and treasuring up the store,
I'll dread life's coming wintry storms no more.
Yes, yes ! thy monitory voice I hear,
Low numbering all the evils in thy rear.
The wrinkled front, dim eye, and pallid cheek,
Are but the preludes to the general wreck.
But can no other charm their loss supply ?
And is there left no light t'illumine the eye ?
Yes, it shall kindle at a friend's return ;
Tears shall suffuse it if a friend shall mourn ;
O'er earth its views benevolent be given,
And faith shall fix its hallowed gaze on Heaven.
Nor with a pencil dipt in sordid care,
Shall time's deep furrow on my brow appear ;
But there shall sit, as years successive roll,
The calm unclouded sunshine of the soul.
Wit's ready sallies we may well resign :
The lip of truth and kindness shall be mine.
And 'tis the meed of blameless life the while,
To dress the placid features in a smile.
Then age, dear honourable age ! I'll throw
Youth's many-mingled chaplet from my brow
With meek propriety, and, in its room,
The decent coif and sober stole assume ;
Nor fear, though gayer charms may fade away,
Aught that we loved in love can e'er decay.
Of that fond tie that made us man and wife,
Full half the bargain was the wane of life.
Earth's feeble bonds with what is earthly sever ;
But they who truly love, unite for ever.
Rich in that love, in honoured wisdom's store,
I'll dread life's coming wintry storms no more.'

The female contributors certainly divide the honours in this poetical contest. Great names occur among the gentlemen competitors,—Southey, Wordsworth, Rogers, Campbell, Mil-

man, Crabbe, Smyth; but some of them have been either niggard of their verse or lazy. Campbell's beautiful ode to the Rainbow we could not pass over, had it not appeared elsewhere. Crabbe has a pretty poem entitled 'Hope and Memory;' but it is too long for insertion here. Rogers has furnished a sweet 'landscape and figures,' worthy of being framed, but we shall doubtless have it preserved in his rich poetical gallery—"Italy." Passing by these, we must take for our next extract a poem by Miss Holford.

• ON MEMORY.

WRITTEN AT AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

- No! this is not the land of Memory,
It is not the home where she dwells,
Though her wandering, wayward votary
Is ever the thrall of her spells:
Far off were the fetters woven which bind
Still closer and closer the exile's mind!
- Yet, this land was the boast of minstrelsy,
Of the song of the Troubadour,
Whence Charlemagne led his chivalry
To the fields which were fought of yore:
Still the eye of Fancy may see them glance,
Gilded banner and quivering lance.
- But Memory from Fancy turns away;
She has wealth of her own to guard:
And whisperings come to her ear, which say
Sweeter things than the song of the bard.
They are solemn and low, and none can hear
The whispers which come to Memory's ear.
- They tell of the dews which brightened the way
By our earliest footsteps pressed;
They tell of the visions, hopeful and gay,
Which were born, and which died in the breast;
They recall the accents which sweetly spake
To the soul, when the soul was first awake.
- In Memory's land springs never a flower,
Nor the lowliest daisy blooms,
Ne'er a robin chirps from its russet bower,
But to call from their silent tombs
The thoughts and the things which time's pitiless sway
Has long since swept from the world away.
- In memory's land waves never a leaf,
There never a summer-breeze blows,
But some long smother'd thought of joy or grief
Starts up from its long repose:
And forms are living and visible there,
Which vanished long since from our earthly sphere.

' I would not escape from Memory's land
For all that the eye can view ;
For there's dearer dust in Memory's land
Than the ore of rich Peru.
I clasp the fetter by Memory twined
The wanderer's heart and soul to bind.'

We cannot pass over the touching little poem by Miss
Benger, entitled,

' THE SHIP'S RETURN.

' Thou com'st, fair bark, in gallant pride,
Thy swan-white sails exulting spread ;
Nor I the graceful triumph chide,
For silent are the tears I shed.
' Ere while, when thou wert distant far,
Wandering on ocean's pathless waste,
I hailed thee as my pilot star ;
By thee my devious course was traced.
' To thee, as to a hallowed shrine,
My sighs, my prayers were all addressed :
Thy pride, thy honour seemed but mine,
And in thy safety was my rest.
' But now, though trophies deck thy brow,
A mournful wreck alone I see ;
For he who warmed each ardent vow,
No more a welcome asks of me.
' He should have lived ! for fortune owed
The kind redress, withheld too long,
Whilst he life's dark and dreary road
Had still beguiled with hope's sweet song.
' He should have lived !—in suffering schooled,
But ne'er with fancied wrongs oppressed ;
For nature still o'er sorrow ruled,
And peace his guileless soul possessed.
' Unskilled in caution's rigid lore,
He scorned suspicion's gloomy sway :
Deceived, he trusted as before,
And dreams illumed each passing day.
' And still in Albion's happy isle
His little fairy home was placed :
Domestic love, affection's smile,
Were all the joys he sighed to taste.
' How blest, to strive with toil no more,
To live for social cares alone,
To soothe the ills that others bore,
As none had ever soothed his own !

- ' How fair the scene by fancy cast,
Rich with affection's balmy breath !
Ah dream ! the loveliest, as the last,
That gilded the dark hour of death.
- ' Even on his wandering soul it smiled,
When flitting shades around him pressed ;
A transient gleam of joy beguiled
His pangs—one moment he was blessed.
- ' He saw the partner of his days,
Hailed each loved friend with ancient claim,
And with a tender lingering gaze,
Responded to the father's name.
- ' And then he would a blessing breathe,
A pledge of Christian faith impart,
And with a dower of love bequeath
The latest counsels of his heart.
- ' But then he saw the phantoms fade ;
He gazed on strangers, rude and cold.
His last fond look was hope betrayed ;
His parting sigh, a wish untold.'

There are several poems by the late Mrs. John Hunter, one of which, however, has long been familiar to us, as the words of an exquisite canzonet of Haydn's, ' *La Costanza*.' All the compositions of this lady are elegant and replete with feeling. ' *Belshazzar's Feast*,' by Mrs. Hemans, is a fine poem : its length precludes our transcribing it. Besides these ladies, we meet with the names of Lady Dacre, Miss Anna Maria Porter, Mrs. Grant, and the Editor. We are glad that they are not all single ladies, for reasons illustrated by the following sportive epistle from Sir William Pepys to a friend on his wedding day.

' " Give me, to bless domestic life,
With social ease, secure from strife,
(Cries every fellow of a college)
A wife not overstocked with knowledge."
This every fool who loves to quote
What, parrot-like, he learns by rote ;
And every coxcomb whose pretence
To wisdom, marks his want of sense ;
And all good house-wives skill'd in darning,
Who rail with much contempt at *larning* ;
And all who place their greatest good in
The composition of a pudding ;
Repeat with such triumphant air,
Such deep sagacity, you'd swear

That knowledge, among woman-kind,
Was deadliest poison to the mind;—
A crime which, (venial if concealed,
Like theft at Sparta,) when revealed,
The guilty stamps with such disgrace,
No culprit dares to shew her face.

‘ But tell me, you, who dared despise
Such vulgar maxims, who from eyes
Which well might grace the loveliest fair,
Turned not because bright sense beamed there;
Tell me, through all these thirteen years,
Through varying scenes of hopes and fears,
Could ignorance more faithful prove?
Could folly's self more warmly love?
Then long may this auspicious morn,
At each still happier year's return,
Tell, what thy sweet experience shews,
That head and heart are friends, not foes.’

The cleverest poem in the collection, unquestionably, is the Epistle to Earl Harcourt by F——, ‘on his wishing her to spell her name of Catherine with a K.’ It is a mere *jeu d'esprit*, but its sportiveness, ingenuity, and easy versification, distinguish it as the trifling of a very accomplished mind. It is much too long, however, to extract. An ode to Memory by the late Lord Glenbervie, is affecting from the circumstances connected with it. It appears to have been written some years before the death of his lady; and in an additional verse, dated 1817, his Lordship adverts to his loss after ‘long years of bliss.’ Only two years after, his only son, the Hon. Fred. Douglas, just rising into eminence as a senator, and but recently married, was suddenly cut off in the prime of life. Brief but touching is the record of parental grief in the following added stanza, dated 1819.

‘ Ah! no: for me no balm hast thou,
A widowed, childless father now!
And grief my earthly—endless doom
Yet hope still lives beyond the grave:
God surely tries us but to save!
They beckon me:—I come! I come.’

The following poem is anonymous. Our poetical readers will not think that it stands in need of the recommendation of any name.

‘ Friends! when I die, prepare my welcome grave
Where the eternal ocean rolls his wave.
Rough though the blast, still let his free born breeze,
Which freshness wafts to earth from endless seas,

Sigh o'er my sleep, and let his glancing spray
Weep tear-drops sparkling with a heavenly ray.
A constant mourner then shall watch my tomb,
And nature deepen while it soothes the gloom.

' O let that element whose voice had power
To cheer my darkest, soothe my loneliest hour,
Which through my life my spirit loved so well,
Still o'er my grave its tale of glory tell!
The generous ocean, whose proud waters bear
The spoil and produce they disdain to wear;
Whose wave claims kindred with the azure sky,
From whom reflected stars beam gloriously;
Emblem of God, unchanging, infinite,
Awful alike in loveliness and might;
Rolls still untiring like the tide of time,
Binds man to man, and mingles clime with clime.
And as the sun, which, from each lake and stream
Thro' all the world, where'er their waters gleam,
Collects the cloud his heavenly ray conceals,
And slakes the thirst which all creation feels,
So ocean gathers tribute from each shore,
To bid each climate know its want no more.

' Exiled on earth, a fettered prisoner here,
Barred from all treasures which my heart holds dear,
The kindred soul, the fame my youth desired,
Whilst hope hath fled, which once each vision fired;
Dead to all joy, still on my fancy glow
Dreams of delight which heaven-ward thoughts bestow;
Not then in death shall I unconscious be
Of that whose whispers are eternity.'

We can make room for only two more poems. The following song is worthy at least of all the space it will occupy. It has annexed to it the name of John Richardson, Esq.: it would not have disgraced Burns.

' Yes, thou may'st walk in silk attire,
If thou'lt consent to be his bride,
Whose wealth can satiate each desire
That ministers to pride.

' If thou'lt forswear thy plighted love,
And leave his aching heart to break,
With whom, in Teviot's evening grove,
Thou vow'dst life's lot to take.

' To whom thy stainless, youthful heart
Pledged its affection's earliest glow,
And bade thy faltering lips impart
Bliss he no more can know.

- ' When life to thee, as then to him,
 Beamed in its freshest, loveliest hue;
 In rapture's cup, love to the brim
 Rose bright,—but how untrue!
- ' Nay, nay, the friendly hand I scorn;
 Thy love was mine—I'll ne'er take less.
 If changed affection can't be borne,
 There's refuge from distress.
- ' The damask couch, the fretted roof
 May soothe thy rest, may please thine eye:
 A lowlier doom, a ruder woof,
 He seeks, who seeks to die.'

There are two poems by H. Gally Knight, Esq. both of great merit. The 'Portrait' is almost worthy of being hung up to correspond with Cowper's lines on his Mother's Picture. The other poem, which we have reserved for our concluding extract, shall speak for itself.

'De la CHARITÉ pour les PAUVRES PRISONNIERS, DIEPPE.

' Yes, 'tis a year since last that plaintive cry,
 "Pity the prisoners," touched my wandering ear:
 And now again their hat is lowered from high,
 And the same famished, sharpened features peer
 Through the stern bars.—Can the revolving year,
 With its rich interchange of joys, have brought
 Health to my body, transport to my thought,
 Whilst man hath left his fellow-creatures here?

' France! I have trod thy vine-clad hills, and eyed
 Milan's cathedral, the blue Glacier's wall,
 Como's fair lake in all its summer's pride,
 Baronial Heidelberg, Schaffhausen's fall,—
 Till, lost in ecstasy, my spirit flew
 Forth with the breeze, exulting o'er the view;
 And, as that breeze along a bank of flowers

Gathers their odours, with a silent awe
 Incorporating them into my powers,

I mingled with the mighty things I saw,
 Bold forms, sweet tints, soft Nature's whispered tone,
 And made the feelings of the Alps my own:
 Just as the lake, beneath the mountain's brow,
 Reflects the charms that on its borders glow,
 Receives them to its breast, and seems to blend
 Their nature in its own, as friend to friend.

And I at will have seen and mused on man,
 His varied character and social plan,—
 The prudent Dutchman, the more simple Swiss,
 Till, home returning, the familiar kiss

Of loving lips received me.—

' Out, alas !
 On human mercy ! Whilst my hours have flown
 Lovely as sunbeams through the prism glass,
 Your bondaged months have dragged their weight alone,
 Poor barr'd and pittance'd thralls ! To you the same,
 How bright the day, or rich the harvest came !
 Oh, how can guilty souls presume to meet
 Him who redeemed them, on his judgment seat,
 Who taught them but one daily prayer to Heaven,
 " As we forgive, so may we be forgiven !"
 Bankrupts and beggars ! how can they forget
 The retribution of his awful threat,
 On fierce exactors of a fellow-servant's debt ?
 Away ! no kneeling mockery to your Lord !
 When ye but asked him, he forgave you all ;
 E'en you whose patience will not once afford
 A do-it's forbearance at a brother's call.
 Yourselves have judged yourselves, and wrath defied,
 By every drop of comfort you denied ;
 And heaped consuming horrors on your head,
 In every tear your withering victims shed ;
 Those tears which baffled avarice can spurn,
 Then, reckless, to life's breathing world return
 To feast with Pharisees, the sunbeam share,
 Weep o'er a play, nor tremble at a prayer.
 Grasping the pound of flesh revenge makes dear,
 Age after age, man pens his equal here.
 He owed you monies ; therefore, whilst the blood
 Boils at his heart, and children cry for food,—
 Whilst strong his energies, erect his form,
 His feelings fresh about him,—like a storm,
 You, the rich tyrant, fastened on your prey,
 Carried him from his plundered home away,
 And to this living sepulchre consigned
 A fading body and a writhing mind ;
 Here left in hateful solitude to die
 By the slow poison of much misery.

' Pity the prisoners ! Yes, though thrown aside,
 Like serpents that dared cross the path of pride,
 And darken, with your wretched looks, the day
 Of purse-swol'n neighbours, whom want could not pay ;
 And though ye lose, withdrawn from public sight,
 The throng'd world's sympathy, your humble right,
 Yet do your cruel sorrows justice find
 Among the human portion of mankind,—
 The glorious few who, true to virtue's cause,
 Would mend their country's by religion's laws ;
 They who have made the better part their choice,
 And pass'd protected thro' life's furnace flame,
 Nor need, like me, the sufferer's pleading voice,
 To wake their nature to a sense of shame ;

Who, amidst fashion's taint and pleasure's lure,
Have fought the thankless battles of the poor;
Wrench'd from the worldly hand its iron rod,
And best have serv'd, by most resembling God.
Whilst me, yet loitering on a foreign strand,
Life's labyrinth thread deceives, and seems but sand,
Which from my feeble fingers slips away,*
Like the delusion of a vacant dream,
Or mountain music of some shallow stream,
That, pleased in listening its own worthless sound,
Cools no parched lip, revives no thirsty ground.
In those brief hours of light which yet remain,
If yet, oh, teach me not to live in vain!
Teach me, Great Master! to redeem the time,
And heavenward teach my sacred thoughts to climb.
Then shall I, from sin's slavish thralldom free,
Love all thy Gospel loves, and humbly honour Thee.'

These lines ask for no encomium: they go direct to the heart. In taking leave of this brilliant anthology, we cannot avoid noticing that, although it has received contributions from some of the most eminent poets in this golden age of our poetical literature—for what former age could parallel the splendid constellation formed by Scott, Byron, Wordsworth, Southey, Crabbe, Campbell, Rogers, Montgomery, not to name our *junior optimes*?—yet, the most beautiful poems in the collection, decidedly, are from the pens either of females, or of scarcely known or anonymous writers. How much delightful poetry must there be, judging from what is thus accidentally brought to light, that is continually springing up and perishing in the quiet glades and nooks of domestic privacy—heart-blossoms, that vie in beauty with the most carefully trained and cultured productions of art, but which aim at nothing higher than catching the smile or the tear of affection, or perhaps at being gathered and worn for an hour. Such works as these shew, more than any half dozen splendid *chef d'œuvres*, the character and spirit of the age. It is peculiarly gratifying to find a taste for elegant literature and a susceptibility of the chaste and quiet pleasures of the home circle, prevailing among the higher classes,—to catch glimpses and openings into the habitations of our gentry and titled ones, which tell us that all is not heartless and sterile within the withering zone of fashion. The volume before us is not more creditable to the age on account of the talent displayed by the several writers,

* There appears to have been a line dropped here in transcribing, which would complete the couplet.—R.

than on account of the moral purity and correctness of sentiment by which it is characterized; divested of which, poetry is but a scentless weed, which may be admired awhile for its brilliant hues, but no one takes it to his bosom.

Art. VI. *Four Treatises* on the following Subjects: I. Mystery of Redemption. II. Prayer of Moses. III. Doctrine and Duty of Self-examination. IV. On the Faith of the Gospel. By J. A. Haldane. 24mo. pp. viii, 136. Price 2s. London. 1823.

THE third of these Treatises was originally published in 1806, and a new edition has long been called for. It is a very plain, practical, and useful tract, well adapted both to promote and to direct the Scriptural discharge of the duty which it illustrates. Both in this and the following treatise, Mr. Haldane insists on that view of faith which has subsequently been so eloquently expounded and vindicated by Mr. Erskine; and he shews how any other view of faith lays us open to self-deception.

'When, instead of being engaged in contemplating the truth, our minds are occupied in considering the manner of our believing, we are laid under very strong temptations to persuade ourselves, that our faith possesses all the qualities of saving faith, and hence to draw our consolation. The Scriptures shew us a more excellent way. They do not entangle us in the mazes of metaphysical distinctions. They address the common sense of mankind; teach us what we are to believe, and describe the effects which the belief of the truth must necessarily produce. Thus, our minds are constantly directed towards the testimony of God; and a far more unequivocal test is given us, by which we may prove whether we believe the Gospel.'

Mr. Haldane very justly remarks, that the true end of self-examination is, 'not to quiet the conscience, to banish slavish fear, or to remove doubts and apprehensions of our being believers,' but, 'to prove the genuineness of the peace and comfort which we enjoy.' The practical importance of this distinction is very great, and it requires to be always kept in view in enforcing the duty.

Our Author's explanation of Psal. xc. 3. "Return, ye children of men," as referring, not to Gen. iii. 19, but to the Divine promise of a resurrection, is not new. The translation in the Psalter favours it: "Come again, ye children of men." It appears to us, however, inadmissible for the reasons which Calvin assigns for rejecting it. 'Alii secus interpretantur, quod Deus deducat homines usque ad interitum, deinde in

‘ resurrectione instauret. Sed argutia hæc procul quæsitæ est, nec quadrat contextu.’

The view of the mystery of Redemption given in the following passage, is highly striking and scriptural.

‘ Another great end of this astonishing act of condescension was, that a stop might be put to the progress of sin. It results from the character of God, that all his works were originally good. Sin, however, entered the universe; but it did not originate with man. It had gained admission previous to his creation; it had proved the ruin of multitudes of the rebel angels, and by their prince it was introduced into this world. How awful are the effects of sin! How does it blind the minds of those who are caught in its toils! The angels who excel in strength, who stood in the presence of God, presumed to rebel; and although they immediately began to reap the fruit of their wickedness, yet, impelled by pride and alienation from God, they persisted in the desperate warfare; attempted to thwart the schemes of their Creator, and to tarnish his glory by the ruin of mankind.

..... ‘ Why sin was at first permitted, we cannot tell. It was not owing to want of power, or wisdom, or goodness in the Creator; but it made its appearance, it extended its influence to this world; and we learn from Scripture, that one grand end which God had in view in dwelling with men on the earth, was to destroy the works of the devil, to arrest the progress of sin, and finally to sweep it from the face of the universe, into that place whence it shall never escape to mar the beauty of creation, and shall only be recollected, to enhance the glory of God and the felicity of all his obedient and intelligent creatures.

‘ The Scripture informs us, that this world was created by and for Jesus Christ: it was intended as a theatre on which his glory should be exhibited, and that by the church redeemed with his blood, the manifold wisdom of God might be known to the principalities and powers in heavenly places.’ pp. 25—7.

It is unnecessary to add one word in recommendation of such a work as this, to religious readers. Its cheapness will secure its extensive sale.

Art. VII. *The Discipline practised in the Churches of New England*: containing, I. A Platform of Church Discipline. II. The Principles owned, and the Endeavours used by the Churches of New England, concerning the Church State of their Posterity. III. Heads of Agreement assented to by the United Ministers, formerly called Presbyterian and Congregational. (From *Magnalia Christi Americana*, by Cotton Mather, D.D.) 12mo. pp. 130. Price 3s. Whitechurch. 1823.

THIS is an interesting document, and deserved to be reprinted, although we cannot go the length of regarding this Plat-

a form as 'standard,' nor do we on many points agree with it. There is much debateable matter in the volume, into which, however, various considerations restrain us from entering. One hint in the Editor's Preface merits attention, apart from any views that may be held respecting baptism and church-membership: it relates to the duty which lies upon parents, to prepare their children, by competent instruction, for becoming members of the visible Church. The 'indiscriminate and superficial' kind of instruction in sabbath schools, will not, he remarks, supply the defect of parental care and counsel. We fear that, in some cases, it has been too much relied upon by religious parents whose children may attend such schools. 'It is much to be lamented,' remarks Mr. Higgins, 'that the good old way of every head of a family employing one part of the sabbath in catechetical exercises and examinations, has been to so great an extent abandoned.' An evening lecture is but a poor and inefficient substitute for such exercises, to either the parent or the child; and it is matter for regret, that, where there is no afternoon public service, the interval is not so employed. We are persuaded that too much reliance is in general placed on the instrumentality of the pulpit; too much on the routine and mechanism of the school. Neither the minister nor the Sunday School teacher can absolve the parent, or supersede his watchful efforts, or effect much without his concurrence.

The ground taken by the New England divines in reference to the 'church state of posterity,' will not, we apprehend, be found in unison with the sentiments even of Pædobaptists in general in this country. We must not be understood to intimate our opinion of the work in any other light than that of an historical document, illustrative of the faith and practice of the venerable founders of the American Church. It is observable, that they expressly disclaimed the term Independent, as applied to congregational churches, in which we think they were right.

Art. VIII. *Narrative of the Life and Travels of Serjeant B——.*
Written by Himself. 12mo. pp. 302. Price 5s. Edinburgh. 1823.

THE Editor of this instructive and interesting memoir, deserves the thanks of the public for having overcome the reluctance of the worthy Author to consent to its appearance in print, and for conducting it through the press; but, as the memoir is anonymous, he ought to have given his own name. There can be no doubt, however, of its being both a genuine

narrative and a true story; for it presents such a view of a soldier's life, as could never have been supplied by fancy.

We have advocated, in a preceding article, the claims of music; but this little volume holds up to those whom it may concern, the dangers of music. All our worthy serjeant's wanderings and sufferings sprang from his unfortunate musical propensity. Little did he think, when he was laying out the few half-pence which had been given him, in the purchase of an old fife, that that instrument was to have such an influence in determining his future life,—that he should be led by the ear so many thousands of miles, and undergo, as the effect of music, such wondrous transformation. Strange as may sound the expression, too many have found it true in fact, that fifes and flutes and fiddles are edge-tools to meddle with; that music is, like many other useful things, a good servant, but a bad master,—an innocent playmate, but a dangerous mistress. Satan well knows the power of music, if divines do not; and he will not fail to turn it to his advantage if he can. And where the propensity exists, it is in vain to think of its being checked by withholding the means of indulging it.

'This was not the first time,' says Serjeant B., 'that I shewed my attachment to music; for when I lived at Darnick with my grandfather, there was a weaver in the town, who was famous, far and near, as a whistler, and he used to gratify my musical desire by whistling a tune to me, till I had got it correct, and then gave me another, and so on. But I was then little aware what this was to lead to; for I afterwards got enough of music, as you shall see in the sequel of this book. But it may be seen from this early propensity in me, that "even a child may be known by his doings."'

We have no doubt that the charms of the fife were enhanced to him, by its coming nearest to the human whistle, which, in spite of all that may be said against its vulgarity, is not wholly to be despised. The ploughman's whistle is as natural an accompaniment as the cobbler's song; mingling with other rural sounds, it harmonizes with the scene. And when heard proceeding from the loom, instead of from the road-side, it still sounds cheerfully; and is immeasurably to be preferred to a vile song, or worse conversation, which the whistler is compelled to abstain from. Nay, ill adapted as this poor man's music is to sacred airs, we have known a psalm tune whistled with a sort of godly merriment, that has served perhaps to call up good ideas in the minds of the hearers. But we have no doubt that the Darnick weaver was a whistler of martial music, and that suggested the choice of a fife; and hence sprang all the mischief.

At the age of fourteen, young B. went to Darnick, to learn the trade of a weaver; but the great dearth of 1799—1800 coming on, he could earn but fourteen pence a day, half of which went to his master. On this miserable pittance he contrived to subsist. 'It would be tedious and trifling,' he says, 'to tell how I managed to make up my breakfast, dinner, and supper.' It was by honest means, however, unless pulling a turnip or two in the fields by night, must be considered as an exception. Yet, it must puzzle any but a Scotchman, that a growing lad could by any means make three meals a day out of 6d.—for the odd pence were all the provision for the Sunday. He tells us, indeed, that for months together, he never could say, his hunger was once satisfied; but that, so far as he can judge, he never knew so much of what contentment was in all his life.

'Notwithstanding my very straitened circumstances, I found ways and means, upon the winter Sabbath evenings, to spare a halfpenny for a candle, that I might be able to read Mr. Boston's *Fourfold State*, to which I had taken a great liking. I delighted particularly to read and meditate on the *Fourth State*, where the happiness of saints in a future world is described; and the expression, "they shall hunger no more," had in it an emphasis (though I fear somewhat of a carnal kind) that put more joy in my heart than worldly men can have when their corn and wine are increased.'

When, some time after, his services as a fifer to a regiment of volunteers one afternoon in the week, brought him in an additional eighteen pence, he thought himself 'made quite a gentleman.' In the year 1802, he went in search of work to Peebles, his native place; and here, his new master being serjeant major of the volunteers, he was persuaded to join the corps as fifer. Soon after, the army of reserve was raised, and our musician finding himself obliged either to pay money to insure himself against being drawn, or to run the risk of going for nothing, resolved on taking the bounty. His services as a fifer were gladly accepted by the fife-major of the regiment, which shortly received a route for Ireland. Encamped on the plains of Kildare, he first tasted of the inconveniences of a soldier's life. In a few months, the regiment was removed to Dublin, to the great delight of our hero, who, immediately on his arrival, sought out a teacher of music, of whom he took lessons on the violin and clarionet, for half a guinea a month.

'But having' (he adds) 'already acquired considerable execution on the German flute, I was encouraged myself to give instructions on that instrument; and the money I received in this way, enabled me

to defray the expense of my own teacher, and of buying instruments, music, &c. Here I breathed my native air, I may say; for what with regimental practice, teaching my pupils, attending my own instructions, writing my own music, &c., I certainly had enough of it; yet hardly could I say I was satiated. Even in the night the music was passing before me in review; and when I did not perfectly comprehend my master's lessons during the day, they were sure to be cleared up to me when I awoke during the night. There was no time here allowed for the service of God; no—something of more importance, as I thought, engrossed my mind. But I little thought that this course was preparing me apace for falling a victim before a temptation which was not far distant. It may seem strange to my readers, that I, who seemed to shew so much piety during my apprenticeship, and for some time afterwards, should now live so careless a life; but I had my lashes of conscience sometimes, I assure you, and endeavoured to hush its clamours by saying, I had no opportunity in a barrack-room for prayer, reading my Bible, or serious reflection; and I tried to believe that God would take this for an excuse, particularly as I promised to become a good Christian, when the Lord should deliver me from this confusion. Truly the heart is deceitful and desperately wicked. The truth is, my mind was constantly going after its vanities; I found pleasure in nothing but music and musicians.'

The temptation referred to, was the offer of the post of fife-major to the 2nd Battalion of the Scots Royals, with the rank of Serjeant. His chief objection was, the wickedness of the army; but, after some conflict of feeling, he got over his scruples, and took the bounty. In 1807, the regiment was ordered to India. The ship in which our Author embarked, being insufficiently supplied with water, the men were, during the last month of the voyage, kept on short allowance; the consequence was, that there were at one time one hundred and thirty-two men on the doctor's list; and soon after landing at Prince of Wales's Island, the flux made its appearance. Serjeant B., after struggling for some time with the disorder, was obliged to go to the hospital. The description he gives of his feelings on this occasion, is very forcible.

'When I entered the hospital, and looked around me to view the place, and saw the meagre and distressed features of the men stretched upon the beds, and many of the cots empty, as if death had been robbing the place of its inhabitants, to replenish the narrow house appointed for all living,—something awfully solemn stole upon my mind, which I could by no means shake off, and which I am altogether unable to describe. I had not remained here many days when I thought my disorder was taking a turn for the better; but I was deceived in this, because it was only some temporary relief I was receiving from the medicine, for it returned upon me worse than ever. Here I had wearisome nights appointed to me, for in that season I was generally worst. The ward in which I lay was very large, and

had a truly dismal appearance at night, being lighted by two or three glimmering lamps, while all around was solemn and still, save the cries and groans of the sufferers, that seemed to contend along the echoing walls; and night after night we were visited by the King of Terrors, to many, I am afraid, in his awfulest form. There were no less than six of his darts struck the next cot to that on which I lay.

'You may think that my state in these circumstances was truly deplorable, and you think rightly, for so it was; but I have not told you the worst; for "the spirit of a man may sustain his infirmity," and my spirit was not easily subdued by affliction, but "a wounded spirit who can bear?" and "The arrows of the Almighty were within me, the poison thereof drunk up my spirits;" for here I had time for serious reflection, or rather here it was forced upon me. Here I could not mix with jolly companions to drive away melancholy, and my favourite music could give me no relief. Here too I was compelled to listen to the voice of conscience; and oh, how loudly did it expostulate with me about the answers I formerly gave it in Ireland; namely, I had no opportunity in the confusion of a barrack-room for reading my Bible, meditation, or prayer, but that I would become a good Christian when I was out of the army. Here I was indeed out of the confusion of a barrack-room, but not only still in the army, but far, far from any minister of Christ to give me wholesome counsel. O what would I have given for the company of a godly minister, or pious, well-informed Christian! but, alas! "I looked upon the right hand, but none would know me; refuge failed me, no man cared for my soul." Surely the Lord frequently answers the prayers of his people by "terrible things in righteousness." Here, "in the multitude of my thoughts within me," I could entertain little hope of ever coming out of this place again, far less of getting out of the army, when I might have an opportunity of serving God; for death seemed to be making rapid strides towards me, to take me down to the "bars of the pit." But death seemed rather a relief from my agonizing trouble, had it not been that I knew that "after death there is a judgment." And how was my soul to appear before the holy and just Judge of the earth? This was a question I could not answer.'

He lay for several days and nights in this state of agonizing terror and despondency, till at length those words of Scripture, "Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, "and thou shalt glorify me,"—suddenly suggested themselves to his mind; 'and oh,' he exclaims, 'what a flood of comfort did it impart to my helpless soul!' The next day, a young man who had sailed in the same ship, and was also in the hospital, came and sat down on the bed-side, and entered into conversation with him. On the Serjeant's disclosing his feelings and anxieties, the other, who proved to be a very pious man, talked to him in the most suitable manner, and read him some portions of the Bible. Thus, says our Author,

‘by God’s kindness in sending me this instructor, I was put into the way that leads to everlasting life; and my mind being led into “wisdom’s ways which are pleasantness and peace,” my body began gradually to recover.’

Soon after he had sufficiently recovered to leave the Hospital, he was ordered to Madras, whence they were marched for Wallahjahbad. Here, in little more than a year, they ‘formed a grave-yard of about two hundred men, women, and ‘children,’ out of a regiment something more than a thousand strong. Among the victims was an intimate friend, whose widow Serjeant B. married. It is not a little remarkable, that he had been the means of obtaining permission for her to accompany her husband to India. To the attentions of this excellent woman, he ascribes the preservation of his life. His adventures in India were confined to marches and counter-marches, and lying in barracks, and in hospitals. But the climate proved more fatal than the severest campaign, and, at length, our Author’s state of health rendered it necessary that he should be invalided. The following statement is given of the mortality in the regiment.

‘Total strength of his Majesty’s 1st or Royal Scots, after the grenadier company joined in Wallahjahbad, 1006. Joined at different periods since the regiment came to India, 941. Total, 1947 men. Out of which number have died and been invalided, unfit for further service, 845.

Out of eighty-two women, thirty-two died, besides fifty-seven children, making a total, dead and invalided, in less than seven years, of 934. The invalids embarked at Madras in January 1814. Our Author’s feelings on again reaching his native country, are very naturally and affectingly described. He lost no time in repairing, with his worthy partner, to Peebles, where he tried for a short time his old occupation of working at the loom; but the state of his health obliged him to desist, and he eventually removed to Edinburgh, that he might contribute to the comfort of his old parents, who were still living, and happy in having a long scattered family gathered around them in their old age.

We have not done justice, by this hasty sketch, to the Author’s memoir, the interest of which mainly consists in the simple-hearted manner in which the facts are narrated, and the biographical anecdotes relating to his comrades, with which it is interspersed. The picture which he draws of the abandoned profligacy and impiety of the regiment, is most appalling; yet such, there is too much reason to fear, would be found the average character of British soldiers in India. ‘It is dread-

'ful!' he exclaims in one place. 'I think, were there no other torments in hell but such society, there is an infinite cause of gratitude to that compassionate Saviour who has delivered his people from it.' A very curious circumstance occurred in the outward voyage. The Author, speaking of the shark, says :

'It is remarkable that these fish, when they are in pursuit of their prey, admit their young in the same manner as some species of the serpent do, into a cavity of their belly, which God, in his wonder-working providence, has provided for their reception. In proof hereof, when we were going to India, one of the sailors, having out his shark-line at the end of the vessel, which is generally done when they observe this fish following, he hooked a very large one, and hauled it into the ship, by a tackle from the end of the main-yard; and after having the fish fairly on board, one of the sailors took a large hatchet, with which he cut off its head; and, to the no small alarm of the bare-footed soldiers, who made the best of their way off in all directions, out sprung no less than eleven young sharks, tumbling and gaping about the deck, to the great danger of all feet and toes within their reach. Some of these young ones were three feet long.....I would further observe, that the shark does not give his teeth much trouble in chewing his food, for we took another the same day, which had a six-pound piece of beef in his belly, not in the least macerated; and the tally of the ship's mess to which the beef belonged, still tied to it with a string.'

Does not this anecdote render it probable, that the prophet Jonah was received into this 'cavity' or false stomach of the shark, which was doubtless the 'great fish' prepared to swallow him?—Other familiar illustrations of Scripture occur in the volume. The following is a very pleasing specimen.

'Another expression which puzzled me was this: "No man seweth a piece of new cloth upon an old garment, else the new piece that filled it up, *taketh away from the old*, and the rent is made worse." With regard to this, I thought I had seen the tailor, when I was with my grandfather, making a very good job of an old coat, by mending it with new cloth. But when I saw the thin cotton garments of India, worn to a cobweb, I was then satisfied that he would be a clever artist indeed, that could sew a piece of new cotton cloth, however fine, to a spider's web, without tearing it to pieces.

'Once more, and I shall have done. The Apostle says in the xiiith of 1 Corinthians, "Now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face." Now, I could not perceive the fitness of this figure, as people use a glass, or glasses, to enable them to see better; but when I saw the glass of the east, (and I suppose in the country and age of the apostle it was similar,) I say, when I saw the glass here, made of paste from rice-flour, blown and fired, my opinion was entirely changed, as it is quite dim and full of white scales; so that, if persons look through it, they observe objects as the blind man did, mentioned in the gospel, who, when his sight was only in part restored, said, "that he saw men like trees walking."

Art. IX. *Scientia Biblica* : being a copious Collection of parallel Passages, printed in Words at Length, for the Illustration of the New Testament. The Whole so arranged as to illustrate and confirm the different Clauses of each Verse: together with the Text at Large, in Greek and English, the Various Readings, and the Chronology. Part I. 8vo. pp. 112. Price 3s. London. 1823.

AS the design and nature of this publication (which has just reached us) are precisely the same as those of the "New Self-interpreting Testament," noticed in our last Number, it will only be necessary to point out the slight variation of plan exhibited in the specimen before us, and the comparative merit of its execution.

In the "*Scientia Biblica*," the 'introductory arguments,' 'reconciliation of seeming contradictions,' and 'various translations,' given by Mr. Platts, are omitted. The text, instead of running on, is broken into verses, and the parallel passages are interposed; an inconvenient method, were the publication designed to be used as a common Bible, but preferable for the student's purpose. The Greek text printed from Mill's edition of the *Textus Receptus*, is also given, together with the Various Readings. The Chronology is taken from Dr. Blaney.

In examining the parallels, we have to make the same complaint as in the case of the Self-interpreting Testament, that the text is overloaded with fanciful, or remote, and useless illustrations, which swell the bulk of the work without enhancing its value, and distract the student more than they aid him. Ingenuity and diligence are far more conspicuously displayed, than judgement and discretion, in this compilation. Under Matt. ii. 12., for instance, are given Exod. i. 17. Acts iv. 19. v. 29. 1 Cor. iii. 19.—not one of them a parallel passage. Mr. Platts, with more propriety, contents himself with referring to Matt. i. 20, and, under the next verse, to Job xxxiii. 14—17. In the Genealogy, we have very needlessly introduced, the detailed account of the birth of Phares and Zarah, and all the preceding circumstances, as recorded in the xxxviiith chapter of Genesis; and part of the same history is a second time introduced under the 19th verse of the same chapter of the Evangelist, together with the laws respecting adultery at full length. The other names in the Genealogy are severally 'illustrated' in the same manner, by which means the first chapter of Matthew's Gospel, occupies twenty-seven closely printed columns. The simple words, "confessing their sins," in Matt. iii. 6., draw after them the following texts: Levit. xvi. 21. xxvi. 40. Numb. v. 7. Josh. vii. 19. Job xxxiii. 27. Psal. xxxii. 5. Prov. xxviii. 13. Dan. ix. 4. Mark ii. 13. Luke xv. 18—21. Acts xix. 18. Jam. v. 16. and 1 John

i. 9. No notice is taken of any one of these 'parallels' by Mr. Platts; and we think him in the right. Again: under Matt. vi. 29., we have above a column taken up with 1 Kings x. 4—7. 2 Chron. ix. 13—22, 25, 27. There is no end to note-making at this rate of proceeding; but what purpose can it answer to the Biblical student? Amid this overwhelming redundancy, we hardly expected to be able to detect any thing like omissions. Yet, with no consistency or propriety, are the following parallels passed over. Under Matt. vi. 9. ^a. Psal. xcvi. 8. and Isa. lxiii. 16. Under ver. 13. ^a. Jam. i. 12, &c. 2 Chron. xxxii. 31. Under ver. 16. ^a. Matt. xvii. 21. Under ver. 17. ^a. Luke vii. 16. These texts are at least as relevant and as important as nine tenths of those which are cited, as our readers may satisfy themselves by comparing them; and they shew that the collection, though copious to a fault, might still be enlarged; that the selection is after all very arbitrary, being conducted on no sound principle.

It is not too late for both Editors to review their plan. The work they have undertaken, would be very serviceable, if brought within a rational compass. It ought not to aim at being a verbal concordance: this is not wanted. The principle of *self-interpretation* is that which should govern the selection, and this does not always require the citation of every passage in which the word to be illustrated may occur. Even similar passages, if not necessary for the purpose of illustration, only incumber the notes. The rule of citing the texts at length, ought not to be adhered to in all cases. It cannot be necessary to give whole paragraphs from the historical portions of the Old Testament. A mere reference, or the first few words of the passage, would answer the student's purpose, in many instances, quite as well. We do not see the use of giving the Greek text, since no respect is paid to Greek parallelisms, and Schmidt's Concordance supersedes any attempt of that kind. We cannot but suspect that both works are got up more for sale than for use: otherwise, the pretension would not so far outrun the performance, and the bulk of the apparatus be so disproportionate to its power.

ART. X. SELECT LITERARY INFORMATION.

Gentlemen and Publishers who have works in the Press, will oblige the Conductors of the ECLECTIC REVIEW, by sending information (post paid) of the subject, extent, and probable price of such works; which they may depend upon being communicated to the public, if consistent with its plan.

Preparing for publication, in 1 vol. 8vo. *The Life of Howell Harries, Esq.* Founder of the Establishment at Trevecka, extracted chiefly from his letters and papers: with general observations on the state of religion in the principality of Wales during the principal part of the last century. By H. Brigstocke, Surgeon, Honorary Member of the M. & C. Society, &c. The profits of the work will be devoted to the support of charity schools in Wales.

Mrs. H. Brigstocke has in a state of forwardness, *Athaliah*, a sacred drama, translated from the French of Racine.

In the press, the entire works of Demosthenes and Æschines; with the Greek Text selected from the different editions which have been published of the whole or part of their works; a Latin Interpretation; the Greek Scholia; the notes of various commentators digested, and put under the text; the various Readings collated, and copious Indices. The notes of Reiske have not been incorporated, but are printed in a subsequent part of the work. Reiske's text has never been adopted; but it has been collated throughout with the texts selected, and the variations placed immediately under the text of the new edition. Taylor's text has likewise been collated in all those orations in which it has not been used, and the variations similarly placed.

The continuation of Mr. Booth's *Analytical Dictionary of the English Language* is now in the press, and the several parts will be published successively, at short intervals. The printing of the second part was necessarily delayed for the purpose of calculating, with some degree of probability, the number of copies that would be required.

Nearly ready for publication, *Horæ Momenta Cravenæ*, or the Craven Dialect, exemplified in two dialogues, between Farmer Giles and his neighbour Bridget; to which is annexed a copious

glossary of the dialect of Craven, in the West Riding of Yorkshire.

In the press, a *Course of Lectures illustrative of the Pilgrim's Progress*. By D. Warr, Minister of the Tabernacle, Haverfordwest. The generality of readers are not aware that much of the *Pilgrim's Progress* refers to the civil and ecclesiastical history of the times in which the Author lived, which it will be one object of these lectures to illustrate. 8vo. to subscribers, 6s.

Preparing for publication, a critical *Analysis of the Rev. E. Irving's Orations and Arguments*, interspersed with remarks on the composition of a sermon, by Philonous.

The fourth edition of the Rev. T. H. Horne's *Introduction to the Critical Study and knowledge of the Holy Scriptures*, will be ready for delivery early in October, in 4 large vols. 8vo. illustrated with maps and numerous fac-similes of Biblical MSS.—Possessors of former editions may have (gratis) an additional fac-simile, on applying for the same through their respective booksellers.

Preparing for publication, *Outlines of Midwifery*, developing its Principles and Practice: intended as a text book for students, and a book of reference for junior practitioners. By J. T. Conquest, M.D. F.R.S. Member of the Royal College of Physicians, and the Medical Chirurgical Society of London, &c. &c. and one of the Lecturers on Midwifery at St. Bartholomew's Hospital—third edition, enlarged and illustrated by 12 copper plate engravings.

Mr. Cottle of Bristol will shortly publish, *Observations on the Orestor Caves*, with their animal contents (dedicated by permission, to Sir Humphrey Davy) In this work will be given, engravings of the Fossil Remains of fourteen different animals, obtained, by Mr. C., from these caves, selected from between two and three thousand specimens of Jaws, Teeth, and Bones in his possession.

In the press, a Second Volume of Brief Memoirs of Remarkable Children. Collected by a Clergyman of the Church of England.

In the press, Memoirs of the late

Captain James Neale. By the Rev. George Barclay, of Irvine.

In the press, a New Edition, much improved, of Miss Benger's Memoirs of Mary, Queen of Scots.

ART. XI. LIST OF WORKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

BIOGRAPHY.

Memoir of John Aikin, M.D. By Lucy Aikin. With a selection of his miscellaneous pieces, biographical, moral, and critical. 2 vols. 8vo. 11. 4s.

Sketches of the Lives of Correggio and Parmegiano. With notices of their principal works. Small 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Memoirs of the Marchioness de Bonchamps, on La Vendée; edited by the Countess of Genlis. Translated from the French. 12mo. 5s.

Memoirs de Madame la Marquise de Bonchamps, sur la Vendée. Rédigés, par Madame la Comtesse de Genlis. Reprinted from the Paris Edition. 5s.

HISTORY.

A Memoir of Central India, including Malwa and the adjoining provinces, with the history and copious illustrations of the past and present condition of that country; with an original map, tables of the revenue and population, a geological report, and comprehensive index. By Major Gen. Sir John Malcolm, G.C.B. K.L.S. In 2 vols. 8vo. 11. 12s.

POETRY.

The Graces: a Classical Allegory, interspersed with poetry, and illustrated by explanatory notes. Together with a poetical fragment entitled Psyche among the Graces. Translated from the original German of Christopher Martin Wieland. 12mo. 7s.

National Songs of Scotland. To which is added, a Useful Glossary. 18mo. 5s. 6d.

Specimens of British Poetry, chiefly selected from authors of high celebrity,

and interspersed with originals. By Elizabeth Scott. 8vo. 12s.

A Collection of Poems, chiefly manuscript, and from living Authors. Edited for the Benefit of a Friend. By Joanna Baillie. 8vo. 11. 1s.

Dartmoor, and other Poems. By Joseph Cottle. Small 8vo. 5s.

POLITICAL.

Remarks on the External Commerce and Exchanges of Bengal, with appendix of accounts and estimates. By G. A. Prinsep, Esq. 8vo. 5s. 6d.

THEOLOGY.

Strictures on the Plymouth Antinomians. By Joseph Cottle. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

A Dissertation on the Fall of Man; in which the literal sense of the mosaic account of that event is asserted and vindicated. By the Rev. George Holden, M.A. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Letters on the State of Christianity in India; in which the conversion of the Hindoos is considered as impracticable. To which is added, a Vindication of the Hindoos, Male and Female, in answer to a severe attack made upon both by the Reverend ***** By the Abbé J. A. Dubois, Missionary in Mysore. Small 8vo. 7s.

TRAVELS.

Memorable Days in America: being a journal of a tour to the United States, principally undertaken to ascertain, by positive evidence, the condition and probable prospects of British emigrants. By W. Faux, an English Farmer. 8vo. 14s.

*•• The article on the Abbé Dubois' Letters, will appear in the next Number.